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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

A QUEEN'S Speech, it has been observed, always excites curiosity, and never satisfies it. Even had no semi-official prophecy leaked out concerning the words that were to be put into HER MAJESTY'S mouth on Thursday, it would not have been difficult to forecast them, for the sole point on which any doubt could have been felt related to the attitude of the Cabinet towards Ireland and the Peace Preservation Act. The complete fulfilment of the Treaty of Berlin is to be insisted upon. No abandonment of Afghanistan is announced or proposed; but, on the contrary, the action of the military and civil authorities in India is referred to with something like cordiality, the allusion to the unlucky blunder in the Indian finances is colourless, and it is proclaimed that the object of HER MAJESTY is to secure, not only the independence of Afghanistan, but its friendly relations with her Indian Empire. South African Confederation is strongly recommended, and, with a wise oblivion of polemical language used under circumstances of greater freedom and less responsibility, the supremacy of England over the Transvaal is to be maintained with due concessions of self-government to the Boers and European settlers generally. In home matters, besides Irish measures, a Burials Act is all that can be said to have been positively promised, the renewal of the Ballot Act being almost a measure of routine under existing circumstances. It is true that Bills for compensating occupiers for losses from hares and rabbits, and for settling the vexed question of employers' liability for workmen's accidents, were more or less distinctly promised. But the promise was accompanied by the proviso "as time will permit," and time in a Session which may practically be said to begin in June is exceedingly likely to forbid. In all other respects, the promises of the Speech are sufficiently unexciting. Governments and policies, it would appear, may succeed each other, and yet resemble each other very strikingly.

There was apparently a very strong sense of this on both sides of both Houses during the debates on the Address. The mover in the House of Commons, and the seconder in the House of Lords, were curiously apologetic and deprecatory in their expressions. Mr. GREY expressed his satisfaction at the fact that there was nothing in HER MAJESTY'S gracious Speech which could wound the feelings of anybody; Lord SANDHURST begged the indulgence of noble lords on the other side as to the affairs of Afghanistan. After this, and in face of a declaration of adherence to their own policy and completion of their own beginnings, the leaders of the Opposition could hardly be expected to make a very ferocious onslaught on the mild majority. Perhaps, indeed, their attack was rather sharper than it seemed to be. The remark of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE that he and his friends "were not of opinion that when a change occurs in the position of a party it is "at liberty to disown the opinions it has expressed," was perhaps as severe a sarcasm as could well have been made upon the QUEEN'S Speech and its contrast to the flaming polemics of the election. Perhaps Lord BEACONSFIELD'S badinage on the coming institutions for Afghanistan was somewhat less in place, except in so far as it drew attention to the singular tendency which the new Government has already exhibited, in the persons of its individual members if not collectively, to expose itself to ridicule. Ridicule, however, is an extra-Parliamentary weapon rather than one which can be constantly used with effect

within the walls of the House, and something more than light fencing of this kind will be required to reduce or checkmate an overwhelming majority. Yet Lord BEACONSFIELD has had more experience of his present difficult position than perhaps any other statesman in English history, and he has rarely been wrong in his strategy. He may possibly think that the first thing to do is to hearten and consolidate his own party, and that for this purpose light skirmishing is safer, as well as more effectual, than point-blank charging. Above all, it is to be remembered that the Speech gives hardly any hold to criticism. It begins and continues, if it does not exactly finish, with declarations which would have been as perfectly appropriate in the mouth of Lord CAIRNS as in the mouth of Lord SELBORNE. With regard to the largest and most important proceeding definitely indicated and in process of accomplishment, the mission of Mr. GOSCHEN to Constantinople, criticism is difficult because the exact nature of the mission has been left in the dark. It would appear that the present Government, among the many inheritances they have received from their predecessors, have received also that inability or disinclination to communicate exact information with which they used while in opposition so bitterly to reproach their foes.

The PRIME MINISTER'S speech, except for its studious waving of the olive-branch, cannot be said to have had any particularly salient features. Mr. GLADSTONE indeed spoke handsomely of the SULTAN and his supremacy, as did Lord GRANVILLE with more detail in the Upper House. But the only positive information which either vouchsafed as to the policy of the Government was the announcement, not for the first time, of the stress laid upon the European concert. It appears to Ministers that the separate actions and interests of the different Powers at Constantinople are a main cause of the difficulty of getting Turkey into order—a proposition which in the abstract nobody is likely to deny. Further, it appears that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, unlike their predecessors—for, strange to say, there are points of disagreement between them—do not see anything menacing in the state of Europe. It must be supposed that this reassurance comforted all parties except the Irish members, into whose hands, after Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, the debate fell entirely in the Lower House; while in the Upper it scarcely lasted beyond the dinner hour. Not often has a first night of a Session been less eventful, despite the division which Mr. O'CONNOR POWER provoked. Perhaps, indeed, the most important incident of the evening was one to which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE not unskillfully called attention. This was the singular divergence in tone between the speeches of the mover and seconder of the Address, who, as it happens, represent accurately enough the two sections of the Ministerial party. Mr. ALBERT GREY has the traditional Whig estimate of the importance of foreign policy; Mr. HUGH MASON deprecates meddling with foreign politics in the familiar Radical manner. Mr. GREY is proud of India, and anxious for the maintenance of its strength and dignity; Mr. MASON'S sole reference to that Empire consists in a rather sanguinary hope that somebody may be condignly punished for the late financial blunder. Mr. GREY seemed to think himself sent to Parliament to support the honour of England; Mr. MASON stated almost *totidem verbis* that he had come to support the wishes of Mr. GLADSTONE. The note of discord between the two sections must be allowed to have been promptly and sharply struck.

The action of the Opposition on this occasion, which

seems to have consisted rather in a crossing of swords than a regular fight, may be thought to throw some light on the proceedings of the recent meeting of the Conservative party held on Wednesday at Bridgewater House. The reports published of that meeting show the discrepancies usual in such statements when they deal with private gatherings. It was probable, even before Sir W. H. DYKE's authoritative statement, that not a few of the published accounts were pure inventions. It seems, however, to be agreed that Lord BEACONSFIELD laid particular stress on the importance of organization, and that Lord CARNARVON announced that his season of temporary retirement from the party was over. The first of these statements is very likely to be true, and another statement, made on usually trustworthy authority, that the late First Lord of the Admiralty has promised to take up the subject of the reorganization of the party generally, is far from improbable. Mr. SMITH's ability in this direction is well known, and the boasts of his supporters that he had made Westminster impregnable were verified at the last election. It would be more important to the public generally, though less perhaps to partisans, if there were less discrepancy about the advice given by Lord BEACONSFIELD as to the conduct of the Opposition. It is extremely probable that he really gave the counsel attributed to him, that every opportunity should be taken of supporting and conciliating the Whig or moderate element in the present Ministerial party, while stoutly resisting any concessions to the Radical element. Such a course, while steering entirely clear of the merely factious opposition which has of late years been too often offered, would supply ample work for the best disciplined and organized party. At the same time it remains to be seen whether Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will be equal to the difficult task of leading such a campaign, a task the difficulty of which consists at least as much in restraining injudiciously eager attack as in selecting the proper occasions for assuming the offensive. Lord CARNARVON's explanation was in all probability correctly reported or divined, and indeed the correctness of the report follows almost as a corollary from his presence at the meeting. During the long and somewhat trying interval which has elapsed between his quitting the Government and his rejoining the Opposition Lord CARNARVON has behaved with exemplary propriety, both in the House of Lords and in reference to the late election, and his reconciliation with his party need be in no sense a hollow one. His position as a dissident was at least logical, which is more than can be said for his companion in the original secession; and his return has shown that the reason alleged for that secession was a reason, and not merely an excuse.

IRELAND IN PARLIAMENT.

THERE was a dramatic propriety in the part taken by the Duke of MARLBOROUGH on Thursday. He had been selected by Lord BEACONSFIELD as the vehicle through which the news of the dissolution should be conveyed to an unsuspecting electorate, and he had been selected because the Irish policy of the late Government was supposed to be one of their most promising titles to the confidence of the country. On the first night of the new Parliament the Duke of MARLBOROUGH is once more picked out for a representative purpose. This time, however, he appears as the mouthpiece of an Opposition charged with the duty of criticizing an Irish policy in favour of which he and his chiefs have been formally displaced. It is possible that, had there been no change of Government, the late Cabinet would themselves have ventured on the experiment now about to be tried by their successors. They are clearly within their right, however, in pointing out the risks of that experiment when it is tried by others. The division of labour between a Government and an Opposition allots to the latter the function of stating openly the objections to a given policy which the Government have considered in private. Opposition criticism is often not so much an assertion that a different course ought to have been adopted as an enumeration of the difficulties which lie in the way of the course actually pursued. The Duke of MARLBOROUGH was perfectly justified in throwing upon the Government the whole responsibility of their determination not to ask Parliament to renew the Peace Preservation Act. But he was scarcely reasonable in demanding from them a full and explicit statement of the grounds upon which they

had come to that conclusion. When a Government proposes to deal with any part of the United Kingdom in a novel, exceptional, or temporary manner, it is bound to put Parliament in possession of its reasons. If, after such novel or exceptional legislation has been assented to for a fixed time, Ministers are of opinion that it ought to be renewed for a further period, they are equally bound to justify their resolution by evidence. But the fact that an Act of Parliament is made to expire by lapse of time relieves the Government of any obligation to take Parliament into their confidence, if they have made up their minds not to renew it. When the Peace Preservation Act comes to an end, things will only return to their natural course. The Cabinet will be responsible for the consequences of leaving them to take their natural course; but it is not bound to explain why it proposes to do so. It is enough that it does not see any adequate ground for again giving them an exceptional direction. In a matter of this kind a Government can only be judged by results. There are two considerations which would justify the decision now made by the Cabinet—a conviction that the state of Ireland is not exceptionally disordered, or a conviction that they will be able to deal even with exceptional disorders by the weapons with which they are armed by laws common to the three Kingdoms. Mr. FORSTER tells us that on one or both of these grounds the Government are content to let the Peace Preservation Act go. They have ample cause for wishing to be accurate in their diagnosis of the condition of Ireland; and, until facts prove that they have been mistaken, they must be credited with a better knowledge alike of the force which they can wield and of the need which may arise for wielding it than can be possessed by any one else.

Mr. O'CONNOR POWER showed an almost superfluous desire to convince the House of Commons that he belonged to neither of the great parties in the State. It is with the view, it seems, of conveying this impression that he sits on the Opposition benches. As there happens to be more room on that side of the House than on the other, no one need complain of the course he has seen fit to adopt. Had he thought it his duty to place himself on benches which were already overcrowded, he might have been asked to believe that the House of Commons would fully recognize his independence of ordinary party ties, no matter where his seat might happen to be. It is pleasing to learn that Mr. O'CONNOR POWER is not opposed to the fulfilment of contracts "as a general principle." Some of the speeches made in Ireland during the autumn rather went to show that the independent Irish party held the fulfilment of contracts to be an English eccentricity, the extension of which to Ireland ought to be resisted by every real patriot. If the existing contracts between landlords and tenants include the payment of rent, there is not the least fear that the observance of them will be pushed to an unhealthy extreme. Perhaps, however, Mr. O'CONNOR POWER's language ought not to be interpreted very strictly. A gentleman who can describe the Land Act of 1870 as a piece of hand-to-mouth legislation, resorted to to relieve the inconvenience of the hour, must be accustomed to use words in very different senses from those ordinarily applied to them. With some inconsistency Mr. O'CONNOR POWER finds fault with the Government for not dealing with the Irish land question in a manner which might justly have been called hand-to-mouth. He declared, on the one hand, that neither the Burials Bill, nor the Irish Franchise Bill, nor the Employers' Liability Bill approaches in importance the question of landlord and tenant in Ireland; while, on the other hand, he complains that the Government, after being twenty days in office and with little more than two months of the Session before them, have preferred to deal comprehensively with these comparatively easy matters rather than to touch the fringe of the larger and more difficult matter. The greater the importance of a subject is, the more need there is for inquiry and consideration before dealing with it. This is not the view of the forty-seven Irish members who voted with Mr. O'CONNOR POWER. It may, however, be suggested in their defence that their real object was not to censure the Government for not bringing in an Irish Land Bill this Session, but simply to censure the Government. Possibly, if such a measure had been announced in the QUEEN'S Speech, Mr. O'CONNOR POWER would have moved an amendment condemning the indecent precipitation with which the Government had taken in hand a question which demanded years of the most anxious investigation.

Mr. O'CONNOR POWER's colleagues seem to have been

anxious to modify the impression left by his speech. They meant to vote for his amendment, but they did not wish that amendment to be thought so unreasonable as it really was. Mr. McCARTHY and Mr. MOORE assured the Government that they had not expected the land question to be settled this Session, and they did not even maintain that the Government ought to have introduced a Bill purporting to settle it. They would have been content if the subject had been mentioned in the QUEEN'S Speech, and if an assurance had been given that it would be dealt with in some future Session. In Mr. SHAW'S speech the meaning of the amendment underwent still further evaporation. He declared that he should vote for it, not because he distrusted the intentions of the Government, or thought that they ought to have either done or said anything different from what they have done or said, but merely to put on record the opinion that the sooner something was done the better. In that sense the amendment became exceedingly harmless. Nothing could be worse for Ireland than that the intentions of the Government with respect to the land question should needlessly remain uncertain for a moment, except that they should be disclosed before there has been time to give them the study without which it is impossible that they should wear any useful shape. Mr. FORSTER is plainly right when he says that it would be impossible to deal with a part of the land question without prejudging the rest. The suggestion that a Bill might have been introduced to suspend eviction for two years would be an absurd one if it did not come from a party which is bent upon abolishing evictions altogether. The difficulty of dealing with the tenure of land in Ireland is a difficulty rather of principle than of detail. The questions raised by it relate to such fundamental controversies as the limits of private property in land, and the right of the State to narrow those limits in the case of a particular class for the supposed benefit of the community. Mr. FORSTER'S speech is a sufficient assurance that the Government do not underrate either the magnitude or the difficulty of the problems which await them. To have treated them in the way suggested by the Irish members would have argued a very inadequate conception of their task. Even Mr. PARNELL acknowledges that premature legislation on the land question is to be deprecated. He only desires that the Government should prematurely pledge themselves to give this legislation a particular character.

ADVANCED LIBERALISM.

IN entering that new world of journalism which is the old, the *St. James's Gazette* will not encounter the difficulty of forming the tastes and habits of thought which it proposes to satisfy. Even hostile critics will admit that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as it lately existed, had a special character of its own. The conductor and his associates, if they sometimes approached to paradox, were original, independent, and apparently sincere. The appropriation of the familiar type and form to the purposes of a thorough-going party paper may probably be quite legitimate, and, as a private matter, the transaction is not liable to discussion; but the change must have disturbed many associations. After the dissolution which has occurred, the visible body may perhaps be reanimated to new and vigorous life, but the identity clings to the spirit which is about to assume another corporeal form. Nearly five-and-twenty years ago the founders of the *Saturday Review* appealed for the first time professedly and exclusively to an educated audience; and the success of the experiment produced many followers. They have perhaps not always been conscious of their obligation; but the habitual disuse of some popular formulas and fallacies must have been a relief to scrupulous writers and to fastidious readers. The patience which is thought to be meritorious in the more sensitive members of a mixed congregation is unnecessarily tried when trained intellects are addressed in published phrases adapted to the supposed capacity of the multitude. The new or revived journal must be strangely affected by a mere alteration of name if it condescends to the methods which distinguish the accomplices of demagogues from the advisers or critics of statesmen. The prospectus contains a recognition of the possible utility of party journalism, but the paper is intended to occupy a different province. It is difficult to exercise independent judgment and at the same time to keep step with disciplined battalions of partisans.

On one point, or rather in one main department of political controversy, the promoters of the new journal defy the imputation of vacillation or inconsistency. Their scepticism or toleration has in one direction a permanent limit. "These later years have witnessed a new growth of Radical doctrine which is to English politics what the American weed is to English rivers." The comparison is not perhaps perfectly felicitous, for the American weed chokes the flow of the stream which Radical agitation would swell to a torrent; but the denunciation of dangerous theories is not confined to figurative language. "The tyrannical temper of this school; their strange sympathy with despotism; their international policy, which appears to be drawn from Don QUIXOTE and the Crusades; their Communistic economy; their readiness to experimentalize in irrevocable legislation of the gravest order, mark them off as a new and dangerous party in English politics; and to this school of Radicalism we shall offer at all times a vigorous and determined opposition." In some instances the various opinions and tendencies of the advanced Liberal school are perhaps merely connected by a casual and temporary bond of union. It was only through passionate antagonism to his political opponents that Mr. BRIGHT two or three years ago taunted the late Government with their failure to follow the precedent of the Crusades. The Peace Association cannot be considered to be followers of Don QUIXOTE; and the sympathy of the ultra-Liberal party, though it is not repelled by despotism, only attends a particular despot who may have happened to pursue objects common to themselves. If a Republican Government had invaded Turkey, the party would probably have preferred a conquering democracy even to an ambitious military despotism. The ecclesiastical impulses which have so oddly combined themselves with the Liberal movement depend on a purely casual coincidence. The most dangerous characteristic of the international policy of advanced Liberals is an indifference to legal right and to established possession. The stress which is laid in modern controversy on ethnological and philological affinities indicates a revolutionary temper which is in a high degree unjust and capricious. The highest in rank and first in ability of advanced Liberals has chosen to constitute himself the patron and advocate of the Slavonic races and the adversary of the Magyars, who are said by ethnologists to be akin to the Turks. Thirty years ago the Hungarians were, with better reason, more popular among English democrats than any other race in Eastern Europe. The dynastic rules by which the Congress of Vienna readjusted territorial arrangements were not more arbitrary than the sympathies of modern Radicals, and they were less practically mischievous.

The charge made against the same party of tampering with communistic economy is not unfounded. In almost every recent discourse or essay on subjects connected with the land, the right of the Legislature to disturb and regulate the conditions of ownership is either urged or taken for granted; yet the actual state of society rests on the assumption that property is an ultimate fact. Some theorists deduce from the primitive relations of Indian cultivators to the soil the startling inference that absolute ownership of land is impossible or inadmissible. A larger class of projectors desire to restrain as far as possible freedom of contract between owners and occupiers, not only for the benefit of the less aristocratic class, but on the novel pretext that the community at large is interested in the encouragement of production. The most extravagant of recent English attacks on the whole principle of ownership was contained in one of the famous Midlothian speeches. On the hypothesis that he had been already converted, as he may perhaps be converted hereafter, to an erroneous conviction which he at the same time disclaimed, the present PRIME MINISTER declared that Parliament would be justified in expropriating every landowner in the kingdom with pecuniary compensation. Even if legislation of this kind is expedient or defensible, it is undoubtedly communistic. At its outset the new economy ought to be subjected to vigilant and even to hostile criticism. It is highly inexpedient that organic changes should be introduced without notice or examination. One result of a distribution of landed property which is almost peculiar to England is that projects of unsettling proprietors' rights are almost exclusively applied to the land. On the Continent, where landowners are more numerous, and therefore

less enviable and more formidable, socialistic agitation is more commonly directed against capitalists and owners of personality. English bankers and manufacturers may be well assured that expropriation will not be confined to owners of land. The conversion from extreme Liberal opinions of those who have anything to lose proceeds perhaps with sufficient expedition; but it may be advantageously regulated, instructed, and, if necessary, checked. Blind and indiscriminate resistance is as objectionable as precipitate complicity with change.

The leaders of the advanced Liberal party are perhaps well advised in preferring to all other objects the increase and consolidation of their own power. Means are anterior in time to the ends which they are designed to accomplish. The present supremacy of the Liberal party results from the victory of the numerical majority in the constituencies over the upper middle classes; but a reaction might possibly take place, as in 1874, unless the side which is now the stronger receives additional reinforcements. The loss of three seats, or of six votes on a division, before Parliament has met for business, may perhaps disturb the confidence of the victors at the general election. The abolition of the electoral influence of property by the proposed change in the county franchise will insure and perpetuate the preponderance, not perhaps of the present Liberals, but of the party which will succeed to the title. Support given to the extension of household suffrage by the professed opponent of advanced Liberalism would have involved flagrant inconsistency. The advocacy of the system of foreign policy which is represented by the present Ministry, or rather by the late Opposition, would scarcely have involved a more total abandonment of opinion and principle. It appears from a published statement that a third condition of modern Liberalism is the disestablishment of the Church, though the measure forms no part of the imperative mandate which is, as it seems, imposed on the present Parliament by the constituencies. Independently of other reasons, the friends of social order and of culture and the opponents of vulgar fanaticism will almost unanimously, though perhaps without ultimate success, oppose a change which can produce no conceivable benefit to the community in compensation for the enormous evil which it would involve. The most active promoters of abolition would find that their own social position was not raised, although their envied rivals might be brought nearer to their own level. When disestablishment becomes an immediate political issue, there will almost certainly be a secession from the Liberal ranks; but the constituencies of the new electoral districts may possibly not share the conscientious scruples of the best of the present leaders of the party. Independence of popular ignorance and caprice may become rarer and rarer in the House of Commons, but it may perhaps survive in the more intelligent and conscientious portion of the press. It is something to prove that a party which cannot be effectually resisted is nevertheless in the wrong.

EGYPT.

IN many important respects the present state of things in Egypt is brighter and more promising than any that has been known in recent years. The new KHEDIVE has just been making a tour through his provinces, and has not only learnt much that the reigning prince ought to know, but has inspired a very favourable opinion of his character and intentions. He is amiable, well-meaning, strictly economical, and hates with a thorough and creditable detestation the intrigues and manoeuvres in which his father found the only atmosphere in which he could breathe freely. RIAZ PASHA, the present Chief Minister, is anxious to do justice to the claims of foreigners, and to walk as strictly as an Egyptian Pasha can walk in the paths of uprightness and loyalty. Foreign capital is flowing freely, perhaps too freely, into Egypt, and the peasantry have ceased to suffer from gross tyranny and from the burden of capricious and unforeseen taxation. With the consent of the Great Powers, a Commission of Liquidation is sitting with authority to settle definitely the whole financial situation of the country. It will lay down once for all what creditors of each class are to receive, and how what they are to receive shall be paid to them. To the conclusions of this Commission, which will be binding from the outset on the Powers repre-

sented on the Commission—that is, England, France, Italy, Germany, and Austria—the assent of the minor or less interested Powers will be asked, and, their assent being obtained, the edict of the Commission will have the force of law, and will be enforced by the International Tribunals. There is complete peace and security through the country, and the late Viceroy has left behind him many memories, but no regrets. For the moment, too, England and France are working together in perfect harmony; and they are not only agreed on the general principles of action, but even in details discountenance as much as possible the rivalries of their agents. When all these things are added together—an honest and well-meaning Sovereign, the smooth working of the Protectorate, a termination to be expected in a few weeks of the financial puzzles and controversies of the country, a peasantry which has reason to think itself better off and better treated than in former days, and a disposition verging on a mania on the part of foreigners to pour in endless capital for the development of Egyptian industry—it might seem as if the prospects of Egypt ought to be looked on as very bright indeed. And there really are many unquestionable signs that Egypt has turned the corner, and is on the road to a fair amount of prosperity. But in England there is always a tendency to exaggerate the good or bad that may be said of a foreign country; and just now Egypt seems to be the fancy of the hour, and people speak as if all the difficulties of Egypt had been surmounted, and as if there was nothing but blue in the Egyptian sky.

For the moment it is the settlement of Egyptian finance that is of primary importance. The ROTHSCHILD loan lies outside the sphere of the Commission of Liquidation. It is guarded by a law of its own, and its guarantees are already sanctioned by the Powers. Certainly it is as well protected as anything in the way of an Egyptian loan can be protected. Its primary security consists in the revenues of a considerable tract of land administered by a Board, the European members of which cannot be removed without the sanction of England or France, according to their respective nationality. The Egyptian Government guarantees five per cent., and to make this guarantee sure, it is in the first place stipulated that a large part of the taxes on the land are not to be paid until the five per cent. interest is covered, and then the whole revenues of a province are to be set aside until it is known that they are not needed to make the Government guarantees good. Every other portion of Egyptian indebtedness falls within the scope of the Commission. The debts of the Dairas, as well as the debts of the State, are to be dealt with by it. Obviously the beginning of any arrangement for paying the interest and sinking fund of debts must be to ascertain what are the real resources of the debtor. After much careful and prolonged investigation, those charged with the task of examination have ascertained that the clear revenues of Egypt on an average of years do not exceed eight millions sterling. At least half of the financial troubles of Egypt have come from the exaggerated estimate of these revenues which the late Khedive constantly put forward. He always made himself out to be richer than he was, and his creditors naturally said that if he could pay he must be made to pay. Now they must accept facts, and abate their hopes and pretensions in proportion to an acknowledged shortcoming of income. But a new complication has been recently introduced. Some years ago the Khedive offered to landowners the power of buying up one-half of their land tax by the payment of sums supposed to represent the capitalization of this half, the amount being paid either in one payment or by instalments. Very considerable sums have been paid in this way, and it is by this means that the capital of what are known as the short loans has been nearly paid off. If this law of redemption had been allowed to continue in operation, the time would soon have come when the land revenue of Egypt would have been seriously reduced. There would not have been eight millions to deal with, and therefore the Government of the new KHEDIVE, under the pressure of its European advisers, has by a stroke of the pen declared that the whole system shall be totally inoperative. The land tax shall not be considered to have been redeemed at all. Many arguments are put forward to show that this is not so iniquitous as it seems. It is said that the redemption was only a cloak for a forced loan, and that those who paid knew from the beginning that the KHEDIVE was robbing them. It is further said that the KHEDIVE himself and many

of his rich dependents or favourites never really paid, but got receipts that looked quite satisfactory, though they were in fact mere official hoaxes. Lastly, it is asserted that even those who really paid were in most instances only able to do so by abstaining from the payment of their current taxation, so that on a balance of accounts they owe the State as much as they are owed. But it is impossible to believe that these allegations, although they may apply to many cases, apply to all. Many millions sterling have been paid in for redemption, and there must have been many of the contributors who did not know that they were being robbed under the cover of a forced loan, who got receipts for money actually paid, and who paid their current taxes while they were making what seemed to them a legitimate investment. It is monstrous that such persons, whether they are few or many, shall receive no compensation, and either the Commission of Liquidation will have to provide them compensation, or these claims must be left outstanding, to be met in the course of time when the revenue of Egypt exceeds eight millions. If the first course is taken, a new inroad is made on the scanty fund which the Commission has at its command. If the second course is taken, the future increase of income is anticipated, and foreign creditors cannot hope that, as years roll on, they will get more than can now be given them.

Even apart from the compensation to be given to those who have honestly paid their redemption money, the fund that can be applied to the settlement of the claims of the creditors is a scanty one. In various ways and degrees the creditors must make sacrifices—that is, they must be content to take less than they were promised in the days when the KHEDEVE exaggerated his resources. On the other hand, they will know what they are to get, and will have a reasonable prospect of getting it, and they will probably prefer a small certainty to a larger uncertainty. But wise men will not reckon on anything in Egypt as absolutely certain. Egypt is not really at all a rich country. Its cultivated area is only about the size of Wales. The land tax eats up a third of the produce, and cultivation is necessarily costly. Everything depends on the Nile, and the Nile is capricious in the bestowal of its benefits, being sometimes too high and sometimes too low; and even when at its best it needs to be most carefully managed. It has to be taken on to the land, and then it has to be taken off. When it is said that Egyptian produce depends on the Nile, what is meant is that it depends on the construction and conservation of vast works of embankment, irrigation, and drainage. Egypt is a country where, to get anything, capital must be sunk, and where on the capital sunk not more than moderate returns are to be expected. Foreign capitalists, too, labour under the disadvantage that the feeling of a large and influential portion of the natives is strongly against them. At present this feeling is forced into the background because the political pressure of France and England is now strong. But no one can say how long this pressure will last. When the affairs of Egypt have been once more put in order by the Commission of Liquidation, when it is once settled how much Egypt is to pay to its foreign creditors, then, so long as the stipulated sum is regularly paid, the Egyptian Government will certainly claim to be left alone, and it is not easy to see on what grounds this claim can be resisted. Englishmen know their own Government well enough to be sure that it will seek any opportunity of terminating an interference which it cannot prove to be necessary. If Egypt is left to itself, subject to the liability of having to pay a fixed sum to its creditors, all the old habits of Egyptian government will be gradually resumed. Already politicians of the old school are triumphing in the thought of the good time that is in store for them, and are weaving the schemes that are to be carried out as soon as the hour for carrying them out has struck. They look forward eagerly to the time when foreign capitalists may be safely denied justice, or may be made to pay for getting it. Nothing is certain in Egypt; but it is at least as likely as not that these expectations will be fulfilled. The only permanent channel through which European influence may be safely expected to make itself felt is that of the International Tribunals; and the one great work which remains for the protecting Powers to do is to perpetuate and consolidate the authority of these Tribunals, and so to recast the law they administer that it may suffice to meet the various requirements of a solid and permanent system. But it must be remembered that in a country like Egypt law does not

cover the whole of life. There will always be promises which the Government will make and which tribunals cannot enforce, and annoyances which the Government will cause and which tribunals cannot prevent.

THE HOME-RULE LEADERSHIP.

SOME of the Irish members who lately took part in the contest between Mr. SHAW and Mr. PARNELL avowed an ignorance which may therefore without discredit be confessed by aliens and strangers, of the functions of a Sessional Chairman. The title was first invented by Mr. PARNELL for the purpose of repudiating the claim of Mr. SHAW to the rank of Home Rule leader, in which he was supposed to have succeeded Mr. BUTT. Any body of members which thinks itself strong enough and sufficiently distinctive in character to form a party requires a representative or leader who is entitled to speak in its name. Mr. BUTT's right to the lead was not formally disputed, although his authority was sometimes defied by mutinous followers. He had been the first incumbent of the office in days when Mr. PARNELL was unknown, if indeed he had then a seat in the House of Commons. On his death Mr. SHAW was thought by the majority of the party to be qualified for the succession by respectability, prudence, and a moderation of language which was not incompatible with occasional deference to popular clamour. No competitor opposed his pretensions; but perhaps Mr. PARNELL may have determined to set Mr. SHAW aside as soon as he had himself acquired sufficient notoriety to enable him to assert his independence. In concert with Mr. BIGGAR and half-a-dozen congenial allies of the same type, Mr. PARNELL engaged in a conspiracy against freedom of debate; and he proved that Parliamentary institutions might be seriously threatened by a novel mode of attack against which no precaution had been taken. Obstruction had little tendency to promote Home Rule; but there were members of the party who preferred the infliction on the House of Commons of trouble and annoyance to the attainment of an object which they perhaps knew to be impracticable. Mr. PARNELL and his associates necessarily became more conspicuous than Mr. SHAW, whose refusal to take part in obstruction was resented by the denial of his pretensions to the character of a leader. When Mr. PARNELL stigmatized Mr. SHAW as a mere Sessional Chairman, he can scarcely have foreseen that he would himself become a candidate for the humbler office. The importance of every position depends more on the person who holds it than on the term by which it may be described. Mr. PARNELL as Sessional Chairman will be a leader of the BIGGARS and FINIGANS, though his rights may be limited to the occupation of the chair at meetings of Home Rule members, if they can be persuaded to meet. He is perhaps sagacious enough to calculate on the concurrence in violent proposals of many of the members who resent his assumption of superiority. Almost all of them have at different times professed to favour projects of spoliation which differ but little from Mr. PARNELL's socialist doctrines. If the Home Rule party has any leader, it follows its new Sessional Chairman.

The minority as well as the majority at the late meeting has virtually identified itself with the policy of Mr. PARNELL. All who voted must have pledged themselves to abide by the result, and to have previously waived any disqualification which might affect the successful candidate. Mr. PARNELL's advocacy of general refusal of debts due to landlords is declared to be not incompatible with his honorary presidency of the party which takes its name from Home Rule. Some of his followers may perhaps not fully understand the process by which Mr. PARNELL has partially succeeded. No demagogue has profited so consistently by the embarrassment felt in contending with an opponent who declines to be bound by the rules of the game. Parliamentary government is only possible on the condition that all who administer the system shall act in good faith. The obstructionists deliberately took advantage of forms intended to protect minorities for the purpose of rendering the transaction of business impossible. Encouraged by his success in hampering legislation and in irritating the House of Commons, Mr. PARNELL after the close of the last Session proceeded to apply his theory to social relations which, like Parliamentary rules of debate, depend on certain fundamental

principles or unquestioned assumptions. If law and custom have any validity, payment of debts and performance of contracts are necessary deductions from the most elementary maxims; but Mr. PARNELL had no hesitation in assailing the very foundation of proprietary right. He has again and again assured malcontent peasants that they are justified in refusing to pay the stipulated rent; and he and his disciples have denounced, under the name of landlordism, all ownership of land which may have been let to occupiers. If it had been necessary for his political purpose, he would probably not have hesitated to propose the plunder of other creditors whose rights are not more sacred than those of landlords; but nothing is to be gained by the encouragement of unprofitable crime. It would not have suited the purpose of the agitator to alarm and alienate the tradesmen in the towns who may have claims on the tenant farmers. As might be expected, some of Mr. PARNELL'S adherents caricature his contempt for morality. His principal lieutenant lately intimated at a public meeting a hope that some HARTMANN would be found to assassinate the QUEEN.

It would be idle to argue against doctrines which have nothing in common with the principles of civilized society. Those who sympathize with Mr. PARNELL are inaccessible to ordinary reasoning; but it may be worth while to ascertain the methods by which anarchical demagogues seek to accomplish their designs. The Home Rule party has now placed at its head, though in an indefinite position, the avowed enemy of landed property and of the connexion of Ireland with England. It has at the same time decided that the most effectual mode of promoting its purposes is to place the Government in the hands of one of the two great English parties. In Ireland, indeed, Mr. PARNELL naturally preferred candidates of his own opinions to Liberals, as well as to Conservatives; but in English towns the Home Rule agitators threw the whole of their not inconsiderable weight into the scale of the Liberal party. They had shortly before learned from Lord RAMSAY'S miscarriage at Liverpool that they ran the risk of injuring rather than of assisting allies who pledged themselves to Home Rule, or to the equivalent test of Home Rule inquiry. Accordingly, the managers in England were instructed at the general election to abstain from negotiation, and to give the Irish vote in every case to the Liberal party, which in their judgment was most likely to promote the interests of Home Rule. In Southwark and other boroughs Mr. SULLIVAN and other partisans of Mr. PARNELL addressed Irish meetings for the purpose of urging the claims of the Liberal candidates. Although there are no statistical returns in which the Irish votes in English boroughs are distinguished, there can be no doubt that the present Government owes a considerable part of its majority to the unanimous adhesion of the Home Rule League and the Land League. Under pretext of resenting the language of Lord BEACONSFIELD, the Irish agitators used their utmost exertions to defeat the party which was supposed to be bent on maintaining the rights of property and the unity of the kingdom. There were probably not many Home Rule voters at Oxford, at Sandwich, or in Wigtonshire.

The Government may perhaps not regard with unqualified satisfaction the one-sided alliance which has been thrust on it by Mr. PARNELL and his party. In dealing with the most urgent of the questions which it has to decide, the Ministers have probably not been influenced by any feeling of gratitude for electoral support. Mr. FORSTER, who is primarily responsible for the abandonment of the Coercion Acts, may be trusted to consult to the best of his judgment the public interest and security. It is asserted that the late Government had intended not to renew the Acts which will now be allowed to expire. The Liberal Cabinet will be entitled to the credit of consistency, and it will be rewarded with immediate popularity among its own supporters. That it will incur grave responsibility probably none of its members will deny. The very name of coercion is invidious; and sanguine politicians too readily forget that the peaceable portion of the community may be systematically coerced by those who are no longer to be restrained by law. If a repeal of the existing Acts should be followed by a reign of terror, the result of lenity will not be unprecedented. There are some objections to coercion, and there is also much cant on the subject. Many writers and speakers have lately quoted

CAVOUE'S famous remark that anybody can govern with a state of siege. It by no means follows that it is better not to govern at all than to govern with a state of siege. CAVOUE'S phrase implied his confidence that he could govern by ordinary methods. If the English Government is justified in entertaining the same conviction, it is undoubtedly right in dispensing with coercion, which nevertheless has nothing in common with a state of siege. In the proclaimed counties offenders are tried by the ordinary tribunals, instead of being shot, as in a state of siege, by order of court-martial. The most effective provisions of the Coercion Acts relate to the possession of arms, which are probably procured and used for purposes either of insurrection or of assassination. To ordinary minds there is nothing extraordinarily shocking in legal precautions against murder and civil war. The promise of benevolent measures which are to take the place of Coercion Acts is utterly fallacious. No concession ever made to Ireland has sufficed to produce contentment and peace. If the proposed boons are really beneficial, they ought to be granted; but they will assuredly not conciliate Mr. PARNELL and his followers. If the Government can really devise any mode of improving the condition of Ireland, the means by which the object may be attained will not be harshly criticized.

THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

FOR the past four years the confusion of Italian politics has been daily growing worse confounded. In March of that year, as will be remembered, the Government of the Right—or, as we should call it, of the Moderate Liberals—was upset by a coalition of discontented members of the party with the whole body of the Left. In the use of the terms "Right" and "Left" we must beware, however, of being misled by the analogies of French politics. The Clerical and reactionary party which constitutes the Right in France has in Italy, ever since the formation of the kingdom, deliberately kept aloof from public life. It has done so at the bidding and in the supposed interests of the Vatican. The Italian Chamber, therefore, may be said to have consisted entirely of Liberals of various shades. The difference between the moderate men of the two parties is imperceptible. The healthy working, however, of Parliamentary government in any country demands as its condition that the distinction between parties should be real and not merely nominal; and this is especially the case in Italy, which is new to a free public life, and the past history of which has especially fostered those qualities in the national character which tend to make politics a matter of intrigue rather than of conviction. As long as the POPE and the Austrians ruled in Italy there was an object, superior to all party distinctions, which Liberals of every shade could strive after in common; and if the Clerical party were to attempt to undo the work of Italian unity, such an object would again be set before them. But, as matters stand, there is no use in blinking the fact that, ever since the unity of Italy was accomplished, Parliamentary government in that country has been growing more and more meaningless and futile.

In the spring of 1876 the long rule of the Right—a rule which had lasted, with two brief interruptions, ever since the formation of the kingdom—came to an end, and the Left entered into office. In the autumn of the same year a dissolution of the Chamber took place, and the fresh elections gave the new Government an enormous majority. Enormous majorities, however, do not always render the task of government more easy. In Italy during the past four years this has assuredly not been the case. During this period there have been not less than six different Administrations, all belonging to the Left, and there have been crises, independent of the rise and fall of Cabinets, which it would be difficult to number. First came Signor DEPRETIS with Signor NICOTERA as Minister of the Interior; then a crisis and a new Cabinet headed by Signor DEPRETIS without Signor NICOTERA, but with Signor CRISPI; then another crisis and the Ministry of CAIROLI; then a crisis without a change of Prime Minister; then DEPRETIS again; then CAIROLI again; then, last autumn, an acute and prolonged crisis, which ended in the reconciliation of CAIROLI and DEPRETIS, and the formation of a new Ministry which included them both. But outside this Cabinet were

three of the ablest and most influential members of the Left—Signor NICOTERA, Signor CRISPI, and Signor ZANARDELLI—each with his group of followers; and these, the so-called Dissidents of the Left, have for some months been waging against the Government a much more bitter, if less open, war than that carried on against it by its avowed opponents of the Right. A month or two ago matters came to a point; and on the question of the foreign policy of the Government a vote of confidence, more apparent than real, was obtained from the Chamber. Shortly afterwards the artificial majority thus brought together was again dissolved, and the Chamber accepted the Report of the Budget Commission, which, while granting to the Government a provisional credit, added a rider to the effect that greater promptitude on the part of the Ministry in preparing the Estimates was desirable. Hence a new crisis, and the present elections.

The four years during which the late Parliament has sat have been fruitless in useful legislation. The partial repeal of the Grist-tax—a measure, in the present state of Italian finance, of questionable prudence—is its one exploit. The pressing questions for Italy, those of social and administrative reorganization, have been left to take care of themselves. Municipalities either already bankrupt or hurrying fast towards bankruptcy; an agricultural population living, in the greater part of the country, in a state of destitution and misery painful to witness; a deplorable ignorance among the mass of the people; an amount of crime, and that of the most atrocious character, greater by far than in any other civilized country of Europe; a perversion of the popular conscience which regards the assassin, and not his victim, as an object of sympathy and pity—these are some of the evils which might fairly claim the attention of an Italian Parliament, and which legislation can assuredly do a great deal, though not everything, and not all at once, to cure. But, instead of doing something to make the law respected, to render life and property secure, to diffuse education, to protect the masses of the people from the systematic oppression under which, especially in the Southern provinces, they suffer at the hands of the ruling classes, the late Parliament has been occupied solely with the question whether DEPRETIS or CAIROLI, NICOTERA or CRISPI, ZANARDELLI or GRIMALDI, should enjoy the pleasure and distinction of holding a portfolio. To describe the last four years of Italian Parliamentary history as a period of utterly futile and barren legislation is only to echo the almost unanimous judgment of the Italian press. The blame of all this is apportioned according to the political opinions of the individual writer; but men of all parties agree as to the fact. For four years the Left has been in power with an unprecedented majority, and it has done simply nothing. Each section of it declares that the fault lies with another section; but all admit the fault, and agree that the annals of the defunct Parliament do not form a creditable chapter in Italian history.

The result of the new elections, which the supplementary elections of to-morrow are not likely materially to alter, gives the present Government a majority. Whether it will have a majority over the Right, combined with the dissidents of the Left, remains to be seen. If not, another crisis, a new Cabinet, and perhaps a fresh dissolution, are what may shortly be expected. Signor NICOTERA, Signor CRISPI, Signor ZANARDELLI, and the other disappointed dissidents are not likely to let any favourable occasion slip for upsetting the Ministry. Unfortunately, when it is upset, there is too little reason to suppose that a more stable Administration will take its place. The Right, which contains the best political talent and experience in the country, is still in a minority, though it appears to be stronger and more homogeneous than in the last Chamber. But, without a majority, a Cabinet of the Right could only live on sufferance, and would be incapable of any vigorous or useful legislation. Even if a reconciliation took place between the warring factions of the Left, there is no likelihood of its being permanent. The same causes which have produced so many quarrels and breaches in the past will in all probability be as active in the future. The evil, in fact, is one that is very hard to cure. As long as the mass of the electors are so indifferent both to the political questions put before them and to the personal character of the men who solicit their votes that barely half of them will come to the poll, it can hardly be expected that candidates returned to Par-

liament will be pre-eminently staunch and zealous. The electors are apathetic; the members of the Chamber are irregular in attendance and indisposed to transact business; and, if it were not for the amusement of making and unmaking Cabinets, the constant frequenters of the Chamber would form a still scantier band than they do at present.

It has been asserted that the POPE was anxious that the Clericals should take part in these elections, and that his wishes were overruled, as they have been on other occasions, by the reactionary party in the Vatican. Nothing certainly would tend more to make Parliamentary life in Italy a reality than the presence of a strong Clerical party in the Chamber. There would then be something to fight about. But at present there is little or no difference of principle between those who sit on different sides of the Chamber. The Republican party in Italy is small, but in earnest; the Clerical party is large, and in earnest. The Republicans, however, accept the monarchy as expressing the will of the majority; and the Clericals still decline either to elect or to be elected. The Liberal party is thus left without its natural opponents, and, in default of these, its various sections make war upon one another. The abstention of the Clericals is doubtless, from the point of view of the Vatican, good policy. The longer they hold back, the more discredited, in all likelihood, will Parliamentary government in Italy become, and the more probable will be the triumph of the Clericals when they at length come forth from their reserve. The policy of the Vatican in this point, as in others, is astute, and it would be useless to complain that it is not patriotic.

THE BLACKBURN STRIKE.

THE end of the Blackburn strike was not unexpected.

The reasons which induce the weavers to return to work at the existing rate of wages are so conclusive as to increase the surprise which might be felt at the decision which they have now reversed. Nothing has happened which might not have been foreseen; and the workmen were warned of their inevitable defeat by their own trusted advisers. It is well that work should be resumed, but it would have been better if it had not been interrupted. Some thousands of weavers and spinners have lost a week's wages; and the course of trade in Blackburn, in Oldham, and probably in other districts of Lancashire, has been seriously deranged. The strike, and the lock-out by which it was to be encountered, threatened to check the very slight improvement which had taken place in the cotton manufacture. The immediate cause or pretext of the strike might rather have been expected to have the opposite tendency of encouraging the operatives to rely on the liberality or justice of the masters. In consequence of an increased demand for yarn, the wages of the spinners had been raised five per cent.; while, in default of an improved market for manufactured goods, no similar advance was given to the weavers. It was perhaps to be expected that the less fortunate class of workmen should be disappointed by finding that they had as yet no share in the comparative prosperity of their neighbours; but it might have been expected that the explanations offered would satisfy them that there was no change in the state of trade which could affect their own rate of wages. The statements of the masters appear to have been so conclusive that the leaders of the workmen recommended them to suspend or withdraw their demand. It is also asserted that the great majority of operatives objected to a strike; and yet, at a meeting which seems to have had authority to decide the question, a resolution to discontinue work was unanimously carried. In political controversies public opinion has sometimes been paradoxically defined as the opinion which is held by no private person; but it is surprising that, in a matter of immediate and pressing importance, those who are principally concerned should agree to surrender their judgments to a noisy minority which, as they well know, is not better informed than themselves. Delegates and officers of Trade-Unions are always sufficiently ready to recommend their constituents to strike. Their advice is invariably followed when it tends to a rupture with employers, and it is unfortunate that it should be rejected when it inclines to peaceful courses. The strike appears to have been connected with a movement by which in another part of Lancashire the

weavers have obtained by successive instalments an advance of five per cent. According to some accounts, the body which, like a Birmingham caucus, manages the affairs of a large community determined to transfer their activity to North-East Lancashire, and selected Blackburn as the scene of their operations. There was from the first some doubt whether the strike would be continued. It is the custom in Lancashire to take holiday at Whitsuntide; and it was thought possible that in a few days the weavers might resume work. It was certain that, if they persevered, they would be eventually defeated.

Admirers and flatterers of the operative class are in the habit of celebrating as their most distinctive virtue their alleged devotion to the interests of their own class; but, although it may be true that, feeling and acting in masses, they have little opportunity of exhibiting personal selfishness, they sometimes seem extraordinarily indifferent to the injuries which they inflict on their involuntary partners in strikes. The Blackburn weavers not only coerced the dissentients in their own trade, but, by destroying the local demand for yarn, they also reduced to compulsory idleness the spinners whose industry has its centre at Oldham. The strike might therefore in one sense have attained its object by reducing spinners and weavers to common distress. That it should produce a rise in the wages paid at Blackburn was highly improbable. The masters would scarcely have regretted the intermission of a trade which was already stagnant. They might have even derived advantage or convenience from an occasion of closing their mills for cleaning and repairs; and they were not unwilling to allow a diminution of stocks before they resumed production. Nothing is more galling to discontented workmen than the consciousness that they are doing good rather than harm to their employers. The habit of trade combination on either side perhaps confers greater advantages on the masters than on the workmen. The ingenious device of stopping labour at selected places, with the purpose of supporting a strike by the aid of contributions from those who remain at work, is now almost invariably baffled by agreements among the masters to cut off the supplies by which alone the strike can be maintained. On this occasion, the masters in the Accrington district resolved to run their mills only three days a week as long as the Blackburn strike continued. Their workmen would consequently have been mulcted to the extent of one-half of their wages, for an act to which they may or may not have been parties. They would scarcely have been able to contribute to the support of the Blackburn weavers, and they cannot have been anxious to prolong a struggle which was highly injurious to themselves. Another resource on which operatives during strikes are accustomed to rely is the credit which is allowed them by the shopkeepers, who suffer heavily by trade disputes. It is stated that many of the debts which were incurred during last year's strike have not been paid, and that the tradesmen were not on the present occasion inclined to incur additional loss. The time of the strike was ill chosen, because a much smaller amount of wages than usual is earned during the Whitsuntide holidays. The men on strike were informed that they must wait for another week before a levy on the trade could begin.

Notwithstanding the accumulated disadvantages with which the workmen began the contest, 30,000 hands were for the time idle, with an enormous weekly sacrifice of wages, and with a depression in trade which is indicated by a fall of 150,000*l.* in the value of the shares in a single manufactory. Trade-Unions have created a kind of fanaticism which makes its votaries independent of calculation, and willing to incur suffering in the vague hope of occasional triumph. The general belief in a return of prosperity, though it has not yet been sufficiently confirmed, had evidently inclined the Lancashire weavers to believe that the time had arrived for dictating to their employers. Their belief that they can obtain increased wages when the market is rising may be well founded; but they have not sufficiently ascertained the facts of the case. As long as the masters are indifferent to an increase of production, they are secure from any pressure which can be applied by the workmen. The partial cessation of work would inevitably have been followed by a total lock-out if it failed to effect its purpose. It is true that, if prices should unexpectedly rise, the masters will concede the required advance of wages; but the same result would in any case have been at-

tained. In a few mills which remain outside the Association of Masters, the owners and workmen agreed to abide by the result of the dispute; and in the meantime the old rate of wages was maintained; but the exceptions were not sufficiently important to affect the chances of the contest. In Oldham alone, out of 8,000,000 spindles, 6,000,000 were standing still; and the Oldham spinners would have been still further injured by a determination on the part of the Blackburn masters to keep their own spindles running, even if their looms were not at work. The produce of Oldham would have been diminished by 4,500,000 lbs. of yarn per week, and the weekly loss of wages was estimated at 15,000*l.* The corresponding figures for the weaving trade of Blackburn are not given in the same form; but the loss would have been severe, and the stoppage of the mills in a great part of Lancashire during three days in the week involves a great difference in production. Like other trade disputes, the temper indicated by the Blackburn strike can scarcely fail to affect the competition of English industry with Continental and American rivals.

The policy of Trade-Unions is often so unintelligible as to suggest to observers who have no practical acquaintance with manufacturing industry a suspicion that there must be some unknown explanation of proceedings which are mysterious, if they are not absurd. The moral as well as the legal right of combination has long since been acknowledged; and it was perhaps superfluous to apply an ethical test to acts which could not be prevented. The temptation to compel the concession of increased wages or other advantages is obviously strong, and perhaps irresistible. If persons in easy circumstances could add ten or fifteen per cent. to their incomes by refusing to pursue their vocations till the increase was granted, they would probably not be disinclined to follow the example of weavers and colliers; but they might perhaps inquire, with more habitual scepticism, whether the promises of agitators and managers were likely to be fulfilled. The value of a few shillings a week to a working-man is greater than that of as many pounds to a comparatively rich tradesman or professional man; but still experience ought to have convinced workmen that strikes fail more often than they succeed. The hardship of exclusion from work and wages is also in this case greater. It is doubtful whether the members of Trade-Unions are amenable to any general opinion except that of their own class. It is extremely difficult to reach them, because the writers and speakers to whom they look for guidance are almost always strongly inclined to share their prejudices or their judgment. In some trades arbitration, though it rests on the insecure basis of a doubtful principle, has often facilitated compromise by rendering it easier for the defeated combatant to give way. In Lancashire the process appears to be not in fashion; or at least it was not suggested in the course of the recent dispute. The masters would probably have refused to abide by a judgment which might compel them to carry on a losing trade. They can have had little doubt that in the late struggle they would prove the stronger.

M. DE FREYCINET AND M. GAMBETTA.

THE establishment of the French Republic has been the disestablishment of French Ministries. As soon as a Cabinet is formed the process of decomposition begins. One Minister after another is found to be impossible, until in the end it is discovered that the Prime Minister himself is the cause of all the confusion, and he is made away with in his turn. M. DE FREYCINET's Cabinet has now entered upon the first of these stages. It has just shed its Minister of the Interior. M. LEPÈRE's resignation is an acknowledgment on the part of the Executive of the superior dignity of the Legislature. He has been defeated on a measure specially belonging to his department, and as his chief has not cared to be his companion in misfortune, there has been nothing for M. LEPÈRE to do except to make his bow and go home. So far as the public are concerned, it seems as though every member of the Cabinet might do the same thing without exciting more than a passing emotion. The interest which Frenchmen take in the fortunes of their momentary rulers is akin to that with which a countryman at a fair watches the ascent of a greased pole. It is the falls that really amuse him, and the falls that he waits to see. No one in

France, except the few who are personally interested in its fate, seems to care whether M. DE FREYCINET'S Ministry lives or dies.

The only element of strength that it possesses is the fact that one of the few who are personally interested in its fate is M. GAMBETTA. The President of the Chamber of Deputies is not a man to give up any object that is dear to him without a struggle, and the continuance of M. DE FREYCINET in office is supposed to be for the moment very dear to him indeed. M. GAMBETTA'S position just now is an exceptional one. He has outstayed one chance, and sees another not yet near enough to be seized. A time has been when he might have led the extreme Republicans to power. A time may come when he will lead the moderate Republicans to power. But at present the extreme Republicans have thrown him over, and the moderate Republicans seem too disorganized, or have too little confidence in M. GAMBETTA, to be either worth his leading or anxious to be led by him. Consequently, M. GAMBETTA is understood to wish above all things to keep things as they are. If M. DE FREYCINET is sent about his business, who is to succeed him? Not a more Conservative Minister; for, though this might very well suit M. GAMBETTA, as preparing the ground for a new Republican reaction of which he might be accepted as the undisputed leader, it would suit none of the factions by whose momentary coalition M. DE FREYCINET'S defeat would have been brought about. Not M. GAMBETTA himself; for in the existing Chamber he could not be sure of a majority, while he might not obtain the consent of the Senate to a hastened dissolution. Not a more Radical Minister than M. GAMBETTA; for to consent to this would be to show himself to his followers as acquiescing in his own exclusion from the Ministerial series. Consequently, as the alternatives to M. DE FREYCINET are, from M. GAMBETTA'S point of view, either inexpedient or impracticable, his wish naturally is to keep M. DE FREYCINET where he is. M. GAMBETTA'S next move, whatever it is, must necessarily be one of supreme importance to himself. He has governed France once, and he can hardly expect to govern it a third time. The success or failure of his ambition must be determined, to all appearance, by the length of time during which he governs France the second time. It is only natural, therefore, that he should wish to enter upon the experiment under the most encouraging conditions; and while the present Chamber lasts the conditions could scarcely be less encouraging. The majority on which M. GAMBETTA would have to depend is a rope of sand. The Government may at any moment be defeated by a combination of hostile extremes. M. GAMBETTA'S policy, where religious questions do not come in, would in all probability be a moderate policy, and as such it would encounter for different reasons the persistent opposition of the Right and the Extreme Left, and not be sure from one day to another of the support of the whole Republican Centre. M. GAMBETTA may fairly be anxious to begin his official career, whether as Minister or as President, with a more practicable Chamber than the present, and in order to do this he must postpone his entrance upon office until after the elections. If it is known that he proposes either to lead the Republican party in the new Chamber, or to govern the Republic as President by means of Ministers who will be as subordinate to him in name as the present Cabinet is in fact, curiosity, if nothing else, will probably secure him an official majority.

The reasons which move M. GAMBETTA to postpone taking office are precisely those which make M. CLÉMENTEAU and his friends desire that he should take office at once. M. CLÉMENTEAU is not of opinion that M. GAMBETTA is a necessity for France. On the contrary, he thinks that France could get along sufficiently well—or very much better—without M. GAMBETTA. At present the surest way to discredit a French politician is to give him an opportunity of showing of what stuff he is made, and this opportunity M. CLÉMENTEAU would like to secure for M. GAMBETTA without loss of time. The Right are completely at one with him upon this point; and, as they are anxious to make a Republican Government impossible, they are always ready to vote against the Ministry which protects M. GAMBETTA from the obligation to take office. If M. DE FREYCINET is overthrown, it is hard to see how M. GAMBETTA can any longer escape this obligation. A more moderate Republican than he would not consent to form a Ministry until M. GAMBETTA had tried his hand at the work. A more advanced Republican than he could not be asked to form one without conveying to the country

the idea that M. GAMBETTA had been passed over with his own consent. This is probably the explanation of M. GAMBETTA'S intervention on behalf of the Government the other day. M. DE FREYCINET wished to go to a vote on a clause in the Public Meeting Bill empowering Government agents to dissolve meetings under certain prescribed circumstances. The Chamber showed a disposition to adjourn the debate, and it seemed likely that the Government would be beaten on a division. M. GAMBETTA suggested that the clause should be referred back to the Committee, thus giving the Government time to reconsider the position. The suggestion was accepted, and the time for reconsideration secured, with the result that the clause was remodelled. As it stands, it provides for the presence of a Government agent at public meetings, but does not in express terms give him the right of dissolving a meeting. In this way M. DE FREYCINET was saved, though M. LEPÈRE had to be sacrificed.

Why the existing Chamber should be allowed to die a natural death, instead of being dissolved by M. GRÉVY with the consent of the Senate, is not quite evident. M. GAMBETTA is not likely to command a larger majority in the constituencies than he could command now, and there is always a possibility that the chapter of accidents may have an unforeseen reverse in keeping for him. There is, however, a prejudice in France against dissolutions, arising perhaps in the first instance from the difficulties with which the framers of the existing Constitutions thought fit to surround them, and strengthened by the unpopularity which attended Marshal MACMAHON'S experiment. M. GAMBETTA is also supposed to be meditating a return to the system under which the electors of a whole department voted together, instead of being broken up into arrondissements—a change which would increase the strength of the dominant party for the time being, and thus recommend itself to M. GAMBETTA'S friends because they are the dominant party, and to M. CLÉMENTEAU'S friends because they hope to be so shortly. Thus the question which underlies these recurring misunderstandings between the Chamber and the Cabinet is simply whether M. GAMBETTA can be drawn from his retirement before he himself wishes to leave it. If M. CLÉMENTEAU can manage it, M. DE FREYCINET will be defeated, and M. GAMBETTA forced to succeed him. If M. GAMBETTA can manage it, M. DE FREYCINET will be kept in office until after the elections, when he will naturally make way for the real chief of the Left. The person who is least to be envied in the whole business is M. DE FREYCINET himself.

AUSTRALIAN SECOND CHAMBERS.

THE Australian public is not, it seems, disposed to view Mr. BERRY in quite the same light in which he is held in England. Here he is regarded as a terrible example of the fall which awaits democratic pride. In Australia he is looked upon rather as an example to be followed—followed indeed in moderation and with some regard to circumstances, but still not wholly neglected. New South Wales has suddenly become the scene of a quarrel between the two Chambers, which, when it has had time to mature, may perhaps become as bitter as that which has made Victoria famous. The fact is an undesigned comment on the worthlessness of the most plausible of Mr. BERRY'S suggestions for the reform of the Constitution. It was argued, with some show of reason, that, if the English House of Lords is to be reproduced in a colonial Constitution, care should at least be taken to give the copy a security against abuse similar to that which exists in the original. When a conflict between the House of Lords and the House of Commons has threatened to become too acute, it has been averted, if the occasion seemed important enough to justify recourse to so grave an expedient, by a hint that the Crown has the power of creating peers, and that, unwilling as it would be to use this power unduly, it may be forced to do so by unreasonable persistence on the part of the Upper House. Mr. BERRY'S deduction from this fact was the superiority of a nominee to an elective Second Chamber. If the Governor of Victoria, he argued, had been invested with the power of nominating additional members of Council, he would have been bound to use this power on the advice of his responsible Ministers. The knowledge that the stubbornness of the Upper House might be thus overcome would have prevented the Council from going too far in the direction of resistance to the

popular House. Such resistance could not be effectual, since, in the last resort, the Cabinet, acting through the Government, would always be able to override it. Consequently perseverance in it could only lead to the degradation of the Second Chamber by the addition of a packed majority, and it was assumed that rather than run this risk the Council would bow to necessity and do what the Assembly wished. Unfortunately for Mr. BERRY's reasoning, there is now a deadlock in New South Wales. That fortunate colony enjoys the very blessing which Mr. BERRY was so anxious to bestow upon Victoria. The Council is appointed by the Governor; and, on Mr. BERRY's showing, the members ought to have been too much alarmed at the prospect of being swamped by wholesale nominations to venture upon resisting the Assembly. The result has not borne out Mr. BERRY's anticipations. The Council has actually amended a money Bill. The Assembly has passed a Bill precisely like the original Bill, and sent it up to the Council. The Council has made on the second Bill the identical amendment which it made on the first, and the two Chambers are for the time hopelessly at issue. Of course the Governor can, if he chooses, make sufficient new nominations to bring the Council into accord with the Ministry; but the point to be noticed is that the fear of this course being taken has not had the effect attributed to it. A Council which was compelled to receive an addition to its ranks every time it differed from the popular Chamber could exercise no useful constitutional function. It is the deterrent force of the penalty that is supposed to make it valuable, and in New South Wales we have a Council composed in the main of hardened offenders for whom the prospect has no terrors.

Accordingly the New South Wales Ministry has had to imitate Mr. BERRY, and set to work to reform the Constitution. It is useless to argue that as the Constitution at present stands the Council may not amend money Bills. The Council maintain the contrary, and when two co-ordinate authorities disagree, one contention is as good as another. In this instance it is an additional annoyance to the Government that the Council detected a really weak point in the Bill they amended. The Council thought that a tax which it was proposed to levy on bills might apply to bills already current, but which would not mature until after the Act had come into operation. The Government answered that nothing of the kind had been intended or could fairly be deduced from the words of the Bill. The Council rejoined that this had better be made perfectly clear, and introduced a clause to make it clear. The Government were plainly ill advised in not introducing such a clause themselves; but their dealings with the amended Bill when it returned to the Assembly were still less wise. Holding as they do that the Council has no power to amend money Bills, we find no fault with them for withdrawing the Bill and sending an entirely new Bill up to the Council. But there is no excuse for making this second Bill an exact copy of the first. The principle would have been sufficiently guarded by the refusal of the Assembly to consider the Bill as it came from the Council, while the interests of the community would have been consulted by the introduction of a new clause to guard against the possibility to which the Council had drawn attention. Instead of this, the defect in the original Bill was left unremedied in the substituted Bill, and the Council left to insert their amendment again if they dared. Thus challenged, the Council naturally stood by their clause, and since that time the Government have been busy in passing through the Assembly a Bill to deprive the Council of the power to amend money Bills. When this Bill, which has already been read a second time in the Assembly, comes before the Council, it will no doubt be rejected, and the deadlock, to reach which it seems to be the ambition of all Colonial Legislatures, will thus be secured.

Although at present the New South Wales Government have not gone anything like as far wrong as the Victoria Government, they have committed the very grave error of provoking the Council on a matter in which the Council are plainly in the right. The special function of a Second Chamber is to supplement any omissions and confusions which may have crept into the legislation of the First Chamber. A First Chamber, if it thinks that it has the sole right of framing money Bills, may embody the amendments of the Council in a new Bill of its own, rather than acquiesce in the Council's claim to amend money Bills

as other Bills are amended. But the only case that could call for an amendment of the Constitution would be one in which the Council should insist on introducing amendments which the Assembly thought mischievous, and should throw the finances of the colony into confusion rather than consent to the excision of these amendments. Nothing of this kind has happened in New South Wales, and the attempt to amend the Constitution without any such provocation deserves to meet the same fate as that which has lately overtaken Mr. BERRY's similar attempt in Victoria. If a Second Chamber is to have any rights whatever, it cannot profitably be forbidden to make the words of the Bills sent up by the Assembly convey the meaning which the Assembly designed them to bear.

A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

IT is only the outside of life and manners in foreign lands that the most observant traveller can see, and we know still less of the life of that vast half-discovered country, the past. Into the past all lovers of literature and all who care to think about the fortunes of our race must be constant voyagers, always searching, always "well deceived." We sail thither, as it were, "on broken pieces of the ship," on fragments of the elder world—books, pictures, bits of furniture, scraps of dress, gems, coins, the *débris* that float down the wave, or are dredged from the ooze of the stream of time. The past is so great in extent, and so full of diversities of manners and of landscapes, that there are some who prefer its many mansions to the narrow present, its silence and cool to our heat and noise; and who are more at home in their grandfathers' time, or in that of Cæsar, of Rhamses, or of Sennacherib, than in a world of penny papers, telegraphs, and lawn-tennis. Yet these investigators know nothing certainly, when it comes to a comparison of our living day with days that are all equally dead, be they those of Confucius or Dr. Johnson. We cannot, and never shall be able to, decide about the question of progress, to determine whether, on the whole, we are worse or better than our fathers. All the large epithets and sweeping classifications which dispose of this age or that in an epigram, and take leave of a century with a sneer, are so many waste words. We see, in the past as in the present, only what we bring eyes capable of beholding. How much clear knowledge, and sound art, and just thought existed in "the dark ages"; how full of scepticism, subtle as that of Hume, and crude as that of Mr. Bradlaugh, were the "ages of faith"! How bad the "good old times" were, how artificial the periods of refined simplicity, how rude were "the polite," and how petty "the great," at the courts of Louis or of Anne! It is in these matters of manner, of demeanour, of daily life, of comparative soberness or levity, ignorance or knowledge, simplicity or luxury, that we see the past most dimly, and can with least ease compare ourselves with our ancestors, or answer the question of St. Bernard—"To what have we come?"

To censure our own times is the stale fault of satirists, preachers, old men, old women, and public writers. There are certain points on which every epoch congratulates itself that it is better, or deplores that it is worse, than any that went before. Comparisons are always chiefly drawn, and mainly for purposes of pessimism, in the affairs that concern women. Even Æschylus, according to an English prose translator, declared that "among things which are no longer as they should be, I might mention the unbridled character of female passion." And everywhere and always people keep avowing that, if women are not what they ought to be, still less are they what they once were. The Puritan preacher detected in patches and curls and lace a return to the dread iniquities of the strange women whom Isaiah rebuked and Ezekiel flouted. The "unbridled luxury of women" was as common a text in the Paris of the third Bonaparte as in the Rome of Cato.

Now there are at least two or three good reasons which might suggest the folly and dulness of all the tedious disquisitions on women's foibles, and all the comparisons between women of the past and of the present. Little as we know about the men who are our contemporaries, and still more slender as our knowledge is of the men of the past—ghostly figures seen darkly through the glasses of comedy and memoir—we know infinitely less of women. "Poor little beasts," Guy Heavystone would say, when they were discussed in his hearing, and, after a moment's silence, he would stroke his heavy moustache, and exclaim "Egad!" The wisdom of the ages, its pity and contempt and its afterthought of perplexity, are sufficiently well caricatured in Mr. Bret Harte's burlesque. In spite of Solomon and Shakspeare, and Mr. Charles Reade, and Mr. George Meredith, we do not know much about the beings concerning whom we eternally debate. The great Schopenhauer, who had discovered the riddle (and an uncommonly painful one it proved) of the earth, was accustomed to dine daily at an ordinary in a German town. Every day he laid a louis beside his plate when he sat down, and daily he pocketed the coin when he had done his duty by his *Mittagessen*. A disciple who had long watched this ritual with wonder ventured to ask the master what he meant by an apparently superstitious practice. Was the gold piece an amulet

(like that lent by Montaigne to a friend on another occasion) to ensure the due digestion of dinner? "No," the sage replied, "but I have vowed to give this coin to the poor, when the military gentlemen present talk about some other topic than woman." Yet, despite the analysis, civil and military, of the sex, we know less than nothing about woman. She is the sphinx whose riddle Œdipus never answers, though he has chattered in reply ever since black men chipped flints and black women made pipkins among the ferns of tropical rivers that are now coal-mines. Nor is ignorance the only flaw in the dissertations about the women of to-day and the women of the past, about their bonnets, tea-gowns, extravagance, higher education, fitness for professions and votes, about the folly of their aping men, and all the rest of it. In all these affairs comparisons with past virtuous or vicious generations are little to the purpose, because, if we can say anything with certainty about the female nature, it is this—that women are changeless. Their talk to-day is the talk that the Syracusan poet reports in his famous idyll—talk about husbands, children, shawls, and servants. And Theocritus borrowed his dialogue from Sophron, a yet older observer, who borrowed from the garrulous nature that exists to-day, unchanged and unchangeable as the musical babble of birds.

From these considerations, which are general enough, to that particular instance, *The Polite Lady: a Course of Female Education, in a Series of Letters from a Mother to her Daughter* (Newbery, London, 1769), we may descend with inductive celerity. Just in the year when Boswell captured that great lion Dr. Johnson, a worthy lady set herself to describe the education of her sex as it ought to be. Montaigne rather sensibly observes that he left the schooling of his girl to the women, who in this matter had their own mysteries of government, with which he did not interfere. These mysteries are much and openly discussed in the days of Girton and Newnham and of Lady Margaret's Hall. But this series of imaginary letters from a mother, Portia, to her daughter Sophia, a young lady of sixteen, residing at a "finishing school," seem to prove that women's manners are very much what they were a hundred years ago. We certainly hear more of Greek, Latin, mathematics, metaphysics, and so on, in teaching; but the result, the emancipated schoolgirl in society, is just what she was. Fast maidens, girls who dress like men, young women who listen to and encourage loose talk, are not new inventions, as some weekly moralists in the press most innocently suppose. Sir Joshua's portraits have deceived us all, and made us think that our grandmothers four generations ago were as beautiful, pure, stately, and sweet as his illustrious sitters. After looking at some of his pictures—in which every woman seems a duchess, and every duchess a paragon—it is certainly sad to contemplate the mouldy greens and "intense" faces and expressions, or the gaudy hoods and too yellow locks, of the girls of to-day. But the author of *The Polite Lady*—the maternal Portia who lectures her Sophy in a series of some thirty letters—proves to demonstration that sweet serenity and maidenliness were as rare, and girlish rowdyism as common (and coarser) in 1769 as in 1880. We may go on to these matters of morality, without lingering long over the earlier letters of this educational course. In these Portia demonstrates that writing is a useful art, that ladies should be able to spell (to secure which end Mr. Newbery's author recommends "Newbery's Dictionary"), and that a knowledge of the four simple rules of arithmetic is serviceable to a housekeeper. That "dancing is one of the most genteel and polite accomplishments which a young lady can possess" will be admitted by all but the fanatics of the Higher Education, while even they will allow that "it is a kind of exercise which you may take when the badness of the weather hinders you from going abroad." Portia does not add, like Sir Thomas Elyot in the old treatise called *The Governour*, that "dauncyng" is a great teacher of moral prudence. As to the art of drawing, Portia's remarks prove that the Japanese style of Mr. Whistler and the early Ravenese manner of some "little masters" of the Grosvenor Gallery had their fashionable counterparts a hundred years ago. "Let the objects from which you copy," writes Portia, "be chiefly the works of nature, or at least such works of art as are faithful imitations of nature; and carefully avoid everything that is unnatural, whimsical, or romantic, as most Chinese drawings are." There is something in this criticism which reminds one of the worthy woman who on a Bank Holiday was heard explaining the works of Giotto and Margheritone d'Arezzo to a less experienced friend. "These," said she, indicating the early Italian designs in the National Gallery, "these are the Chinese pictures." To be done with the drudgery of a girl's schooling a century past, it is enough to notice the French books which Sophy's master first "put into her hands. They were *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux*, both of which, I think, are highly entertaining and improving." Entertaining, certainly, though how far they could be called "improving" it is less easy to determine. But if a Sophy of to-day could write to an approving mother, "My master has lately put into my hands *Madame Bovary* and *Moustache*, both of which I think are highly entertaining," it is obvious that French would be a more favourite study with schoolgirls than the *Télémaque* of Fénelon can make it.

The time came when Sophy paid a visit to an aunt in London. She found it "more difficult to conduct herself in London at the age of fifteen than it was in the country at nine or ten," and this ethical reflection Portia called "extremely just." The mother warned her "never to affect to be smart or witty," and not to go to Vauxhall (where Jos Sedley and Emmy and Becky went in more familiar later years) unattended by an elderly gentlewoman.

A chaperon was a thing that Sophy could not endure. "We sometimes go to the play, the opera, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, but then it is always in the company of an elderly gentlewoman. All our importunities have not been able to prevail upon her to let us go to the Sadler's Wells or Marybone. . . . As to diversions within doors, we have but few. My aunt does not seem to be as fond of gaming as some other ladies of her acquaintance. Pray, mamma, give me your opinion of all these matters in your next." Sophy at fifteen was a girl of whom one might say *elle ira loin*. Imagine a girl of fifteen in our emancipated age, who should insist on gambling, and on going to see the *Danites*, and the public schools match without a chaperon! It is true that acrobats, not Mr. Joaquin Miller's diverting drama, were to be seen at Sadler's Wells in 1769, while music, rather than cricket, seems to have been the attraction at "Marybone." Sophy's mother justly asks, "What is the inconvenience of having a prudent lady along with you? Suppose that you and your cousins were allowed to go to Vauxhall by themselves. Why, some pert, forward, impudent young fellow comes up to you, and perhaps you are very well pleased with his politeness, and take a turn with him round the garden. Now, my dear, suppose the danger goes no further, as I hope it does not, yet do you know who this same young spark is?" As to gambling (which surely is not common among girls even now), Sophy is told to beware lest it foster the passion of avarice. In the matter of dress, Sophy is warned to shun the extremes of fashion, which, as now, often arrayed women in garments like those of men. "They tell me no man likes to see a woman strutting in a coat and hat; and yet, I am sorry to say it, the distinction of sex in dress seems to be very little regarded by our modern fine ladies. On meeting a company on horseback nowadays, one shall hardly be able to distinguish whether it is composed of ladies or gentlemen."

The danger of modern conversation may be considerable, and it is certain that many moralists exclaim against the laxity of talk. "The boasted beauties of the town, and their smart, witty admirers," seem to have been extremely free in the exercise of their humour in Portia's time. "What a small proportion do virtuous men bear," cries Portia, "to the foolish and the vicious? To the motley herd of empty fops, vain fribblers, shallow coxcombs, who intrude themselves into almost every company, and never fail to shock and offend by their lewd and immodest language." In almost every company, then, the majority of young men "talked in a lewd and immodest strain," which the coquette encouraged, says Portia, in a letter on that sprightly character. If we must have "fribblers," it is better that they should fribble about "divine lassitude," and "potentialities of passion," than that they should shock the ear of delicacy with lewd conversation. But on this and some other topics the ear of modern delicacy would be shocked by the expressions of the worthy Portia herself. Her treatise seems to prove that maidens a hundred years ago might be more unmaidenly than the fastest young women of to-day, for they gambled more, and swore as much; while, if they smoked less, it seems they wore extremely low dresses "on the Mall" in the morning.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

IF the recent untoward event at Oxford has affected the Home Secretary's appetite—we know from the best authority that it did not affect his sleep—he must have gone to the Ministerial dinner on Wednesday night with renewed gusto. One of those sweet little cherubs who are known to sit up aloft and look after poor Jack has interfered in favour of Sir William Harcourt. Nor let it be thought that the allusion is an idle jest. Any cherub of sensibility must obviously have a fellow-feeling with the Home Secretary in his present plight; and if Sir William is not himself a sailor, he is, as we shall shortly prove, a friend of sailors. Indeed the cherub on this occasion was none other than Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M.P. for Derby. Mr. Plimsoll has come to the conclusion that he cannot better serve God, his country, and Jack than by handing over Derby to Sir William Harcourt. Sir William is said to have accepted the offer, and is going to try on the Derwent that luck which has been so singularly bad on the Isis. But Mr. Plimsoll's motives, arguments, and manner of making his resolution known are much too original to be disposed of as if they were merely a preliminary to Sir William Harcourt's rescue (which is as yet a very problematical rescue after all) from the woes of senselessness. The ex-member or rather the member for Derby was good enough to come before his constituents and to make an exceedingly clean breast of it, though we observe that not a few of the London papers, with unaccountable parsimony, have deprived their readers of the most interesting portions of his address.

Mr. Plimsoll began his explanation by observing, in the truest style of realistic narrative, "I was dining in the neighbourhood of Torquay on Monday, the 10th instant, with the doctor who is attending Mrs. Plimsoll, when he told me that Sir W. Harcourt had been defeated at Oxford." Even M. Zola could not find many faults with this exordium. We ought indeed to have had the doctor's name; the *menu* of the dinner should decidedly have been given; and, perhaps, a little diagnosis and a few prescriptions would have also been desirable. However, the member for Derby is a beginner in naturalistic art, and perfection cannot be expected at once. Having received this information, it seems Mr. Plimsoll instantly

thought "Is it possible to turn this incident to the good of the sailors?" Unless Mr. Plimsoll habitually asks himself this question at each moment of life, something on the *delenda est Carthago* principle, which we think not improbable, the demand seems a bold one; but the questioner was, it will be seen, serious. He went home, and, as all good husbands do, laid the matter before his wife. Here let us pause to assure Mrs. Plimsoll of our most distinguished consideration. If her name comes into the discussion it is her husband's fault, not ours; and, as will be seen, the lady plays a highly creditable part therein. Indeed we cannot help thinking, from the intelligence displayed in Mrs. Plimsoll's remarks, that it is rather a pity that the seat at Derby cannot be handed over to her. However, this, to the indignation of Miss Becker and Lady Harborton, is at present impracticable. So Mr. Plimsoll said, "Eliza, the Home Secretary has been defeated at Oxford, and I want to ask my constituents to let me give him my seat for Derby." The simple answer of Mrs. Plimsoll was "Why?" and volumes could not have said more. "To help the sailors," was the rejoinder, and again Mrs. Plimsoll was more than equal to the occasion with the retort, "How will that help them?" Mr. Plimsoll's reply to this extremely pertinent demand was long and can only be summarized. It seems that the existing Acts for the protection of sailors are murderous impostures, that Sir W. Harcourt has at different times given Mr. Plimsoll a helping hand, that Derby is a model constituency, and that Mr. Plimsoll reckons that by doing the Home Secretary this good turn he will establish a pretty strong claim on the Government to back his favourite schemes. Instead of attempting to reply to this ratiocination, Mrs. Plimsoll for the third time hit the nail on the head by the simple query, "What will they say at Derby? Won't they think you undervalue their confidence?" To this Mr. Plimsoll made answer in another speech of some length, in the course of which Socrates would infallibly have tripped him up more than once. But Mrs. Plimsoll, though evidently possessing faculties for the exercise of the Socratic Elenchus of which any one might be proud, regards her husband with too much respect to treat him in the fashion of the irreverent stonemason. She waited till he had done, and then, modestly disclaiming any intention of standing in the way of the sailors, repeated her question, "What will our personal friends at Derby say?" This was a poser, and we cannot think that Mr. Plimsoll showed his superiority in debate by the remarks that the friends were Christian men, that "duty and self-denial are close companions," or that "the railway will still remain"—the last of which seems rather to resemble the observations used dialectically by Mr. F.'s aunt. Indeed it is to be suspected that the masculine champion found himself getting the worst of it, for he had recourse to a very odd way of closing the discussion. "Let us," he said, "take the matter to God, and seek His guidance." We shall best avoid the charge of irreverence in recounting this portion of the affair, by letting Mr. Plimsoll speak for himself:—"We did; we reminded Him of the word of His promise, and when we rose the path of duty was as clear and plain before us as a turnpike." The *personnel* of the debate having been thus unexpectedly enlarged by making the Deity a party to it, Mrs. Plimsoll evidently thought it better not to continue her remarks; and perhaps her discretion may with advantage be imitated. It may, indeed, strike some persons that the Liberal party have been making rather free with the Divinity in the last few weeks, and that He has been brought in and left out, forgotten and reminded of His existence and attributes, in a manner which is, to say the least, curious. The anthropologist will also reflect that it is very odd how references of this kind invariably turn out in the way most suitable to the wishes of the referring party. When the excellent Hugh Peters put his head down on the pulpit cushion and made a similar reference as to the troubles of England, it is recorded that in a very few minutes the answer about making away with the man Charles Stuart—which could hardly be a new idea to Mr. Peters—was vouchsafed. So also, when Mr. Plimsoll had already made up his mind to resign his seat at Derby, did he receive speedy illumination of a favourable kind. After this he of course considered the matter settled, and Mrs. Plimsoll asked no more inconvenient questions. Her husband wrote his letter to Derby, and followed it up by his presence at the meeting, the chairman of which, by the way, was a Mr. Hall—not a name of the best omen for the Home Secretary. It seems that at a more private meeting held the day before, the prudent forecast of Mrs. Plimsoll had partially come true, for not a few of "our Derby friends" took the view of the matter she had suggested. But at the public assembly Mr. Plimsoll had it all his own way, as a man thoroughly and earnestly convinced almost always has. The field, as far as the Liberals are concerned, appears to be clear for Sir William Harcourt.

Not having ourselves received any special revelation of the kind which cleared Mr. Plimsoll's path and silenced the objections of his, in this instance, very much better half, we do not know that the matter seems to us altogether so much of a "turnpike." The announcement, made almost simultaneously with the news of Mr. Plimsoll's retirement, that Sir Robert Peel would contest the seat was, it seems, false, or at any rate premature. It seems not improbable that Sir Robert might be induced to do so; and, if he did, there would assuredly be a very pretty fight. He is extremely popular in the Midlands. He is as good a speaker from the popular point of view as Sir William Harcourt; and the passage of arms between them at Oxford would find an appropriate sequel in a duel à outrance at Derby. Even failing Sir Robert, it is not certain that the seat would be allowed to go

without an effort. Derby has been decidedly Liberal lately, though, if we mistake not, Mr. Plimsoll himself had a Conservative colleague for some years. The influence of Mr. Bass is great in the town, and, should there be a contest, Sir William Harcourt will find it necessary to modify or suppress his favourite references to beer. But the chief reason for anticipating a fight is to be found in the manner in which the vacancy has been created. Constituencies, as Mrs. Plimsoll evidently knows, are by no means fond of being handed over in this way, as if they were so much portable property. Sir William Harcourt is not exactly the most popular of men, and the voters of Derby must, we should suppose, feel a little humiliated by such an eccentric performance as that of which we have endeavoured to give a faithful account. It may well seem to some inhabitants of the town of silk that they have been cavalierly treated. There are probably a few, if not more than a few, to whom Mr. Plimsoll's "reminders" to the Almighty, and his assumptions as to the Almighty's intentions, may seem blasphemous. There must be many to whom they will seem, whether blasphemous or not, to be ineffectually indecent and disgusting. It is not every large town which has the touching modesty of Leeds, and which is content to serve as a lumber-room, and to put up with the despised and rejected of more independent constituencies. However, this is Mr. Plimsoll's and Sir William Harcourt's look-out. The former has merely added one more chapter to the history of the general election of 1880 and its consequences, a history which bids fair to be one of the most remarkable political documents of modern times. As yet scarcely a week, indeed we believe we may say not a single week, has elapsed without some member, small or great, of the party which last month won such an enormous victory, exhibiting himself in a more or less ridiculous light, and the amusement does not seem at all to pall upon the players. Whatever result "the sacrifice" may have—we should observe that Mr. Plimsoll, while quite justified in calling it a sacrifice on his own part, was hardly polite to the Home Secretary in describing the proceeding as a sacrifice on the part of the people of Derby—Sir William Harcourt's claim to be a precious and elect soul in the sight of Providence has been established. It is not every luckless wanderer in search of a seat who has such mercies, and we trust that the Home Secretary is duly thankful, and that when he gets into Parliament he will remember his indebtedness. In selecting him for the purpose the avowed predilection of Heaven for the meek and lowly in language and behaviour seems to have been somewhat overlooked. Mr. Plimsoll perhaps forgot to "remind" Providence of the fact. Still it is never too late to mend, and Sir William, when he sits for Derby by the grace of Mr. Plimsoll, may prove to be a reformed character. And yet we cannot help feeling some misgivings. There is an air, as we have already observed, of evil omen about some of the proceedings. Mr. Plimsoll made references to the crowning act of Samson which cannot be considered happy; and it is just possible that he may, after all, have mistaken the intentions of Providence. There is much matter for reflection in a text which diligent students of the Scriptures such as Mr. Plimsoll is, and as Sir William Harcourt ought to be, must remember. Perhaps it may have been a case of "Go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper."

THE CHURCH REFORM UNION.

THE world has always been ignorant and careless of its greatest organizations, and we are worldly like the rest. A prospectus lately reached us of the Church Reform Union, and upon looking down the list of the members of its Council which fills the first page, we were confronted, among other notabilities, by four head-masters, four popular London preachers, an earl, two baronets, a knight, and an Oxford and a Cambridge professor, besides Mr. Cowper-Temple, the Dean of Westminster of course, and as might be expected, Mr. Thomas Hughes as Treasurer, not to mention the fire-new county member who has just moved the Address among the secretaries. Bewildered by such grandeur, we turned over the leaf, and were astonished at the revelation that this venerable Association has already existed for ten years, "although no report has been presented by the Union for the last seven years"—actually not for seven years, and all the time the worst Administration ever known has been lowering like a black and baleful cloud over Church and State. The Union was "formed in 1870 for the purpose of bringing together for united action" that hitherto unknown and unimaginable section of humankind, "those who believe a National Church to be necessary to the highest well-being of England." Yet, in spite of its discovery of this curious race of thinkers, it has confined the unity of its action to a simultaneous and most successful effort after holding its tongue for a long week of years.

Its apology for existing—for simple existence, as contrasted with sentient activity, we must grant to it so long as it can lay claim to the organization of a titular Council projecting an ostensible Treasurer and Secretaries—is a very common and, in spite of appearances, harmless accident of all times of general fermentation. The appeal to popular ignorance on which it relies is very easy to frame, while, after an imposing array of alleged wrongs and insinuated remedies, it reveals its consistency and grasp of principle by touting for support with the assurance that "membership of the Union will be understood to imply general agreement only, and not an approval of all the plans which the Council may put for-

ward." A great and many-sided old institution, ramifying in all directions and touching every interest, is selected as the *corpus vile* for this experiment in reform, by parading a pretence of general agreement through the ridiculous device of creating a membership which repudiates approval of the plans to further which those members have been invited. The Council—who would, we fear, be described by a sporting member as a scratch team—are duly paraded to give garnish to a couple of pages of "Objects," and a Report. These two documents are so very ambitious as to defeat their authors' own intentions. The six omnibuses at Temple Bar would have been mere wheelbarrows compared with the *cortège* of caravans which the Church Reform Union has been marshalling during its seven dark years of silence and retreat. In one short pamphlet all the shortcomings, real or supposed, which any grievance-monger has ever attributed to the body on the dissecting table are set forth with expeditious brevity; while remedies, which no member is expected to approve, are suggested with corresponding vagueness. The impressive conclusion is that the machinery with which the Council declares itself ready and able to reform the Church in all its aspects is "an annual subscription of 5s. and upwards," although "a donation of a guinea constitutes a Permanent Member"; a very low rate, we think, at which to purchase the privilege of belonging to a Union which possesses the secret of transfiguring the Church by a process of general agreement which repudiates approval. The Burials Bill, which naturally fills a prominent place in the programme, is recommended on the somewhat original plea that it will "strengthen the attachment of people to the National Church"; and that grotesque bantling, the Occasional Sermons Bill, which was laughed out of the very Liberal Parliament of 1868, is loudly commended with the suggestion of its being improved by grafting upon it the additional absurdity of "a proviso removing the existing impediments in the way of Anglicans responding to like invitations to occupy the pulpits of their Nonconforming and Protestant brethren." Stript of unctuous jargon, this suggestion means a demand upon Dissenting ministers to submit to the moral compulsion of having, whether they relish the intrusion or not, to be consistently happy to lend their pulpits to dear Episcopalian brothers on pain of branding themselves as intolerant, unneighbourly curmudgeons. The more sacerdotal the clergyman is, the more likely will he be to clutch at a concession which will be to him the opening out of one more secular lecture-room; while his Evangelical neighbour to whom consecration is only *tolerabilis ineptia*, but who has an acute perception of the comforts of an orderly Establishment will quake and doubt over the prudence of raising the rostrum of Ebenezer to the level of the parish pulpit.

All this however is only parson-badgering; paternal government for the faithful laity is equally included in the Union's scope of universal operations. It parades a stale cry that "the laity have not their fair place and work in the Church system"; which may have had a colour of truth about it at the time when any share of Church work would have been to the laity in general an intolerable bore, but which is at present a simple perversion of plain fact, except in the limited and technical sense of the "Convocatio Cleri" being, by the nature of its constitution, a body into which laymen are inadmissible, just as none but doctors find admission into the Medical Council. Otherwise, with Parliament putting forward irrepressible pretensions to regulate all things divine and human, with diocesan synods, archidiaconal conferences and ruridecanal meetings, with Church Congresses and religious Committees, Funds, Unions, Associations, Guilds, Trusts, and Institutions of all sorts and colours, besides the old constitutional Vestry in every parish, the laity have now a place and work in every branch of the Church system—which may be fair or may be unfair—but, if unfair, certainly does not defect from equity on the side of deficiency. The weakness of these methods of bringing laymen into working partnership is obviously the want of a regulating power to concentrate and harmonize local efforts. So persons who have studied Church polity with a greater strain upon their reasoning faculties than our United Reformers seem to have realized during these seven years of silent incubation, have suggested some central body of elected laymen which might exist in consultative relations to Convocation. There is much to be said for this scheme and much against it, and it still vegetates in the limbus of ideas; but, anyhow, it legitimately endeavours to grapple with the place and work of the Church laity as a whole. But the nostrum of our Union is compounded of very different elements, and is, in fact, the crude revival of a project which has been dangled before the eyes of former Parliaments, for forcing upon all parishes, without regard to local circumstances, by Act of Parliament, some cast-iron form of Church Council, recommended on the impudent pretext that "the power of the parish priest is that which has come to be the most out of proportion in our Church system; and his 'autocracy' not only can bear, but requires, to be limited." This limiting gift of the beneficent Union is so adjusted as, by the double operation of perpetually contested elections and of chronic debates, to plunge and keep the parish in eternal hot water by perpetuating and accentuating every doctrinal and ritual difference which an elastic and informal system of reciprocal giving and taking would, in the long run, most certainly harmonize.

These are but samples of the impossible programme of a Society which has hitherto shown itself as impotent in action as it is now fussy in its pretensions. The consummation at which it aims is "a truly national Church," carried out by "the co-operation both of Churchmen who desire the development and expansion of the

Church of England and of all who set their hopes on a Christianity free from sectarianism."

Christianity free from sectarianism is a truly sublime and engaging idea, and we shall most surely contribute to its accomplishment by a practical endeavour to work out the process by which the blessed end may be attained. Let us hope that in another seven years or so, a congress of representative Christians may be assembled in the Council chamber of the Union, with the Dean of Westminster, as active as ever we trust, in the chair. Lambeth may be unrepresented, and then whoever may be Archbishop of Westminster will perhaps be invited to start the discussion, and the prelate's argument will not improbably be that the surest way of purging Christianity from sectarianism is to cast out the very idea of a sect as something in itself unclear and intolérable, by the recognition of a living and always accessible, embodied, and infallible centre of reference to which all Christians will agree to defer, so as to secure perpetual unsectarianism. It is just conceivable that the meeting may not close with the suggestion, and then the company may agree to tolerate the actual Church of England as its point of departure, so as, by gradually purging it of the dross of sectarianism, to elevate it to the sublime attitude of a truly National Church. Its Episcopal constitution will of course go first, for the Presbyterian will be able unanswerably to urge that the acceptance of that sectarian creature, a Bishop, would make it impossible for him to accept the English Establishment as a truly National Church. "Write the Church of the future down as non-episcopal and unsectarian," the chairman will suggest; upon which the Congregationalist will jump up and denounce the tyranny which would fain compel him, whose first principle of Christian liberty is the right of every congregation to take and make its own minister, to accept the essentially sectarian figment of any, even a Presbyterian, succession, as requisite in a truly national Church. "Then, gentlemen, will you agree upon ministers without any succession?" the chairman will ask in much bewilderment. "Ministers indeed! sectarian usurpers," the Quaker will protest. So the truly National Church will at last be started on its unsectarian career with no ministry at all; while sacraments and forms of worship will, by a similar process of detrition, be speedily disposed of, and the meeting will next proceed to consider what the unsectarian truly National Church must exist to believe in and to teach. "The Catholic Faith," somebody may suggest; and the assembly might probably agree that this was an eminently safe and respectable definition until the assembled sages proceed to define it. The Unitarian will catch the chairman's eye, and remove to the limbus of sectarianism a very large and important portion of the body of belief which usually passes under the accepted appellation; and the creed, as unsectarianized by him, may be put to the meeting. But the Theist will insist on his right to be heard, and will successfully urge his claim to have his inclusion within the unsectarian National Church guarded by the frank admission that "Christianity" cannot, consistently with unsectarian principles, be tortured into meaning more than the profession of monotheism as against polytheism, and of a First Cause as against Agnosticism. The Agnostic will back him in the negative part of his argument, while further contending that it is still more reasonably and completely unsectarian to define Christianity as the acceptance of that morality which has grown up under the accumulated influence of European so-called Christian civilization, rather than to attach the term to speculations over a First Cause, belief in which implies adherence to a sect. So at last the true unsectarian National Church will be reached; but in the moment of its triumph the Church Reform Union may discover that that mighty body numbers, all counted, a former member for Northampton as sole representative, while the remaining inhabitants of the three kingdoms obstinately prefer to stand outside in the cold shade of anti-national sectarianism.

The Church Reform Union has now gratified itself and amused the world by discharging its decennial popgun. If it desires to sustain the character of a success within the limited area of its spasmodic operations, we venture to advise it to strive to be as little heard of and as little thought of as possible until the advent of 1890 enables it to claim the attention of an ungrateful world by a manifesto even more flatulent and more unpractical than the one to which we have endeavoured to do justice.

MILITARY HONOUR.

THE reminiscences connected with our late war against the Zulus have certainly not been of an altogether agreeable nature; and, worse still, it seems that we are destined never to reach the end of them. Although months have elapsed since hostilities ceased and peace was declared, some unpleasant question or some grave scandal is continually cropping up. The latest and most serious instance of this nature which occurred during the whole war has only recently been brought fully to light. Our readers may remember that in January 1879 a detachment of the 80th Foot, which had encamped on both banks of the Intombi river, was surprised in the night by the enemy. The officer in command and several men were slain, and the remainder had the greatest difficulty in extricating themselves and retreating. The conduct of the officer second in command, who was, moreover, the sole officer surviving, excited considerable remark at the time. He

appears to have mounted his horse and to have ridden off at full speed to obtain reinforcements, leaving a sergeant in command of the party; and, as he had upwards of four miles to traverse, it was obvious that, for good or ill, the affair would be over long before he could rejoin his men. It is stated that Lord Chelmsford ordered an inquiry into the whole affair, and expressed his opinion that the officer in question had acted for the best, after which the matter dropped for a time. Some months afterwards a claim for the Victoria Cross was put forward on behalf of the sergeant who conducted the retreat of the survivors, and when the evidence, which according to regulations accompanied the claim, was read, it became obvious that, if the sergeant was to be decorated, the officer must be called to account. Accordingly, a general Court-martial was summoned. The Court acquitted him; but here we had better quote the special General Order issued by the Commander-in-Chief on the subject. It runs as follows:—

"At a general Court-martial recently held, an officer was arraigned upon the following charges. 1st. Having misbehaved before the enemy, in shamefully abandoning a party of the regiment under his command when attacked by the enemy, and in riding off at speed from his men. 2nd. Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in having, at the place and time mentioned in the first charge, neglected to take proper precautions for the safety of a party of the regiment under his command when attacked. The Court recorded a finding of 'Not Guilty' on both charges. The main facts of the case were not in dispute. The officer rode away from his men to a station distant $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at a moment of extreme danger, when, to all appearance, the small party under his command were being surrounded and overwhelmed by the enemy. The charge alleged 'misbehaviour'—that is, cowardice—in so doing; the defence averred that it was to procure reinforcements, and either by their actual arrival, or by the imminence of their arrival, to ward off destruction. In acquitting the prisoner they have found that he was not guilty of cowardice. The proceedings of the Court were submitted to the General Commanding (Sir Garnet Wolseley), who recorded the following minute:—'Disapproved and not confirmed; Lieutenant . . . to be released from arrest and to return to his duty.' The confirming officer has further recorded his reasons for withholding his approval and confirmation in the following terms:—

Had I released this officer without making any remarks upon the verdict in question, it would have been a tacit acknowledgment that I concurred in what appears to me a monstrous theory—namely, that a regimental officer, who is the only officer present with a party of soldiers actually and seriously engaged with the enemy, can, under any pretext whatever, be justified in deserting them, and by so doing abandoning them to their fate. The more helpless the position in which an officer finds his men, the more it is his bounden duty to stay and share their fortune, whether for good or ill. It is because the British officer has always done so that he occupies the position in which he is held in the estimation of the world, and that he possesses the influence he does in the ranks of our army. The soldier has learned to feel that, come what may, he can, in the direst moment of danger, look with implicit faith to his officer, knowing that he will never desert him under any possible circumstances. It is to this faith of the British soldier in his officers that we owe most of the gallant deeds recorded in our military annals; and it is because the verdict of this court-martial strikes at the root of this faith that I feel it necessary to mark officially my emphatic dissent from the theory upon which the verdict has been founded."

After thus recapitulating the history of the affair, the General Order concludes as follows:—"In communicating to the army the result of this Court-martial, the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief desires to signify his entire approval of the views expressed by the confirming officer in respect of the principles of duty which have always actuated British officers in the field, and by which His Royal Highness feels assured they will continue to be guided. This General Order will, by His Royal Highness's command, be read at the head of every regiment in Her Majesty's service."

So ends the official cognizance of this deplorable business, and we need hardly say that we heartily concur in the soldierlike, straightforward views expressed by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and in the confirmation they have received from the Commander-in-Chief. There is obviously no palliation or excuse for the behaviour of the officer in question. His duty was clear. The party which he commanded was placed in a situation of imminent danger, and in his double capacity of commanding officer and sole officer present he was bound in honour to remain with it. If he possessed a horse, he should have called for a volunteer who could ride to summon assistance; but, even were none forthcoming, not the less should he have remained at the post of duty. In a somewhat similar case which occurred in the same campaign it was pleaded, with some show of reason, that the service on hand was a reconnaissance, in which it is the custom of war for every one concerned to look after himself; but even this excuse is wanting in the present instance. But, bad as the case is, worse yet remains. Assuming the correctness of the statement we have quoted from the General Order—namely, that "the main facts of the case were not in dispute," and that "the officer rode away from his men to a station distant $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles at a moment of extreme danger"—we can only say that the finding of the Court-martial is, to our mind, one of the most disgraceful episodes of a war not too fertile in creditable or honourable achievements. It is both conceivable and intelligible that here and there a man may enter on the profession of arms who is morally quite unfitted for it, and, as peace-time affords no opportunity for testing his qualifications or exposing his weaknesses, it follows that on service the safety of his comrades, and the honour not only of his profession but of his country, may be compromised at any critical moment. This of itself is

bad enough; but what language can be too strong to condemn the action of those who by their verdict acquit such an officer of all blame, and thus tacitly express their approval of his conduct? It must be borne in mind that the Court-martial which tried the offence was not composed of officers belonging to the prisoner's regiment, who might be biased in favour of a comrade; nor of young and inexperienced members. The Army Discipline and Regulation Act requires that an officer must have three years' service at least before he can sit as a member of a general Court-martial, and the Court must, moreover, be composed of officers belonging to different regiments and branches of the service. The fact that such a Court, or at any rate a majority of the Court, could arrive at such a verdict is, to our thinking, the most deplorable part of this deplorable affair.

Is the finding of this Court-martial to be accepted as illustrating the standard of duty and devotion at present existing among our officers? There is no saying more common in the army than that a Court-martial is a court of justice and of honour, not a mere court of law. Where is the justice, and where is the honour, in the present instance? We can see no trace of either. No feature of modern war is more marked than the increase of responsibility which devolves upon subordinates, and they should be prepared to accept their responsibility or to expect a heavy penalty if they prove themselves unfit for it. Yet here is a case in which a subaltern who has, at a moment of imminent danger, shown himself destitute alike of resource, presence of mind, and even common courage, is acquitted of all blame by a military tribunal and permitted to return to his regiment. It is true that he has since had the good sense to resign his commission, but we have not to thank his judges for that. Our thanks are due solely to the General whose manly and soldier-like instincts were outraged alike by the conduct of the prisoner and his judges, who justly branded the verdict of the Court as "monstrous," refused to endorse it, and administered to its members the stinging rebuke above quoted. Never was rebuke more merited. The good name and the honour of our army are exclusively in the hands of its officers, and if this is their way of upholding them, both must disappear. When we consider the affair in all its details, whether as regards the misconduct of the officer in question or the way in which it was tacitly sanctioned by his brother officers, we can only express our conviction that it forms one of the most humiliating episodes of the Zulu war, and that is saying a good deal.

A COLLEGE TO LET.

FORTUNATELY the searchings of heart which have been caused by certain recent events at University College, Oxford, are put an end to by the voluntary surrender of the culprits. But it must be admitted that that venerable institution has achieved a not wholly desirable fame during the last fortnight. On Tuesday week it seems there was feasting in its halls. Reporters at once jumped to the conclusion that the feast was a bump supper, a form of academic festivity made notorious by novels. One instructor of the public even went so far as to inform his audience that a bump supper was a feast given to celebrate the act of being bumped as well as that of bumping—an announcement which will probably be news to Oxford men. This particular repast, however, appears to have been not a supper but a dinner. There was a time when the hair of every Don in Oxford would have stood on end at the idea of such a dinner, while suppers—though not exactly well-looked-on institutions—were still permitted. Later, however, it has seemed to the wisdom of the Common Room that the earlier the feast the less likely is it to end in disorder, an idea not wholly unfounded in fact, inasmuch as the air of a college quadrangle at midnight is somehow or other full of subtly provocative influences to riot. However, it is possible to dine as well as to sup too well, and the consequences of dining as of supping excessively are uniform. Everybody knows the three grapes which, according to the Welsh Triads or the Arabian philosophers or some other of the stock sources of sententious wisdom, the vine bears. The three grapes that are borne by the vine that grows on the banks of Isis may be said to be those of noise, of intoxication, and of "drawing." Now of drawing there have been from time out of mind two varieties, an active and a middle voice, so to speak. The first consists in forcible entry into the premises of an obnoxious person, the second in forcible prevention of exit by the application of screws, or, if the operators are skilful and have plenty of time at their command, of gimlets driven home and deprived of their handles. Further, either operation may be practised in the presence or absence of the occupant, and the proper thing for a screwed-in or screwed-out victim is to effect his entrance or exit, as the case may be, by means of a ladder. To complete the scientific account of these exercises of the art of academic carpentry, it may be well to observe that screwing-up is most observed towards Dons; drawing, in the strict sense—the word being derived from the habits of that favourite academic animal, the badger—towards men. To resume the narrative which this exposition of the scientific side of the subject, necessary for the correction of vulgar error, has interrupted, it appears that after the dinner at University College, the rooms of Mr. Chavasse, Senior Fellow but one, and, as it happened, also Senior Proctor of the year, were screwed up. This was an instance of the lesser excommunication, for Mr. Chavasse was not in his rooms at the time. On returning he might apparently have sent for a

carpenter and effected an entrance without much difficulty; but it seems that, with a laudable desire to play the game thoroughly, he performed an act of ascension with the ladder, according to the rule for such occasions made and provided. Now it so happens that the community of University College is presided over by a gentleman who has won great fame as a schoolmaster. Contrary to the opinion of the outside public, it is not unusual for the Head of a college to stand in the gap between the Fellows and the undergraduates, his relations with the latter being for the most part amicable, if not formal only, and not implying the strains which sometimes exist between the race of men and that of tutors, deans, and other natural foes of undergraduate humanity. On this occasion, however, Mr. Bradley seems not to have been the adviser—at any rate he was certainly not the mouth-piece—of moderate counsels. The undergraduates were summoned to meet in the college hall next day, and were informed that they were to “go down” in a body that evening, exceptions being made in favour of those actually in the schools, and of such as should make formal declaration of their innocence. The effect of this latter unlucky clause could have been foretold by any Oxford man in whom years of Common Room had not blunted memory. It was at once interpreted as an underhand and discreditable “dodge” to obtain the names of the guilty by a process of exhaustion; and not only was the proposition resisted, but, it is said, an offer on the part of the amateur carpenters to give themselves up was rejected by the indignant undergraduates in conclave assembled. So University College went down that evening, and descended on its surprised families with such intervals as seemed good to the individual exiles. Touching pictures of the hardships and the dangers to which tender youth were thus exposed have since been drawn by the said families. It will probably occur to most people, however, that the virtue of an undergraduate who is not to be trusted one night in London is a very “thin thing,” indeed, and need hardly be taken into account in estimating the matter. Finally the perpetrators gave themselves up, and the remaining exiles were invited to return.

It need not be said that condemnation of the action of the college in this case as ill-judged by no means implies approval of the foolish and unmannerly freak which provoked it. But whereas wisdom and judgment are not exactly expected of boys of twenty, they are expected of the mature persons who stand to those boys in the relation of temporary parents and guardians. It may be safely said that the elaborate insult to the college and the University which the authorities discovered in the screwing, being assisted to this discovery by the fact that there was a matriculation next day, existed simply in their own brains. Oxford men are not wont to be deficient in respect for their own college or for their own University, and it may be hinted that reverence for these two entities is at least as often to be found in undergraduates as in their seniors. The silly horseplay from which Mr. Chavasse suffered is, however, something of an institution, if an institution more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and nowhere is it more of an institution than at University. Twelve years ago that college was described in words which are appropriate enough to-day:—“Here many dogs are kept, and a feud exists between the older men and the younger men, so that sometimes the younger men rebel openly and with screws and nails fasten the doors of the older men.” With Merton and Brasenose University has long held rank as a college which, while it despised not the liberal arts, also understood how to be foolish in (and frequently out of) season. The inhabitants of its two staid old quadrangles have always been in more senses than one “monks of the screw,” and have given themselves plenty of opportunities of hearing the chimes at midnight. To what this tendency is to be attributed it is difficult to say. It cannot be the fault of King Alfred, because, in the first place, that monarch had no more to do with University College than with the British College of Health, and because, in the second place, he is not recorded to have made merry over anything more intoxicating than a muffin. It could scarcely have been muffins that made a member of University, in the last decade but one, plant an umbrella in the sward of the grass plot and then implore that vegetable to “grow,” subsequently bewailing with tears its obstinacy and unfruitfulness.

All this is folly and vanity doubtless, but it is folly and vanity of a kind which does not last long into life, which does not, as a rule, do much harm at the time, and which leaves perhaps even pleasanter memories in minds that have long settled down to hard work than solemn constitutions over Shotover and painful breakfasts with elaborately amiable Dons, the two recreations that are sometimes supposed to be the sole amusements worthy of serious youth. It is certainly not necessary that festivities should culminate in the screwing up of Proctors' doors, and any such proceeding ought to be visited with due penalties, if it be not—which is better still—prevented by the establishment of good relations between the two parties. An escapade of the kind—to which Mr. Chavasse, who has been a Fellow of the University for nearly twenty years, ought to be sufficiently accustomed—may be fairly met by gating, by the refusal of the usual privileges and liberties of Commemoration, and by other penalties which make the victims quite sufficiently uncomfortable. Rustication of the actual offenders, as soon as the compulsory residence of the term was completed, would not seem to any one too severe a vengeance; but to endeavour by a roundabout way to make the innocent give evidence against the guilty, and, in default, to punish innocent and guilty alike, is not only a proceeding savouring of very little ability to command except with a state of siege, but one certain to

defeat its own object in consequence of the code of honour usual among youthful English gentlemen. Had the college inflicted rustication generally, with the proviso that the guilty parties might save their comrades by denouncing themselves, it would have been a somewhat high-handed and impolitic measure, but one to which no exception could be taken morally. It is, moreover, obvious from what has occurred that it would have been successful. As it is, the whole sting was taken out of the rustication while it lasted, as far as the undergraduates themselves are concerned, by the injudicious conduct of the Master and Fellows. Even the stern British parent has taken the side of the delinquents, who, instead of being regarded with just displeasure, have been placed in the position of being victims of an honourable scruple and a clumsy stretch of authority. No one could reasonably have found fault with the actual criminals for not giving themselves up when they were never asked to do so, while certainly no one could find fault with the innocent for refusing to criminate their fellows. The whole proceeding may perhaps be thought to show the impolicy of appointing schoolmasters to the headship of colleges—a practice which, since the disfavour into which schoolmaster bishops have fallen, has been only too frequent. The relation of a college Head to the Fellows and to the undergraduates is widely different from that of a head-master to his assistants and his boys. The head-master is, or ought to be, practically autocratic; the Head has at most a moral authority and a casting vote. The assistant masters of a school are theoretically powerless; the Fellows of a college are theoretically and practically all-powerful. But, beyond all this, the peculiar character of the undergraduates' status has to be considered. Anywhere but in England, even in the sister kingdoms, they would be practically, if not legally, *sui juris*, and under no kind of domestic authority whatever. The restraints and the discipline of a college at Oxford or Cambridge, but especially at Oxford, are a standing marvel to all foreigners, at least as much of a marvel as the supposed luxury and extravagance of those much-abused establishments. To maintain this most salutary combination of liberty and restraint needs a very delicate hand; and it is certainly not too much to say that there is no trace of delicacy of hand in the recent proceedings of the Master and Fellows of University College. That there is something wrong indeed is evident from the mere fact of the screwing up. Such proceedings have often been unknown in the liveliest years of the liveliest colleges of the University, where, though mutual “drawing” may have been frequent, and though bonfires and other forbidden antics have often kept hapless Dons out of their beds for weeks together, no personal inconvenience or insult to them has been attempted. To set the something wrong right by a proceeding which would be not too much in place in the case of a fifth-form revolt in a grammar school is certainly not a masterstroke. Moreover now that the culprits have, notwithstanding the veto of their comrades, voluntarily given themselves up, the Fellows and Master are in a singularly awkward position. They have invited the return of the thirty or forty innocent exiles whom they have banished, in a manner which must for some time make the restoration of proper feeling, to say the least, difficult, and which amounts to a confession of their own incompetence to govern. This view of their conduct does not, let it be once more repeated, imply the slightest approval, or even excuse, of Mr. Chavasse's tormentors. It is simply an inevitable result of a cool consideration of the circumstances and consequences of the transaction.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

OUR readers are aware that Cardinal Newman has been paying a week's visit to London, as the guest of the Duke of Norfolk. It was his first public appearance, so to speak, since receiving his new dignity, and he naturally took the opportunity, or rather no doubt was urged to take the opportunity, of delivering an address before “The Catholic Union.” His audience however was a miscellaneous, though an attentive and enthusiastic one, by no means confined to members of his own communion. Nor is it difficult to understand the deep interest created both in the hearers, and afterwards in the readers, of his discourse on the Conversion of England. The time has gone by when crowds would gather, even in London, either from curiosity or from some stronger feeling, whether of respect or disrespect, merely to stare at a live Cardinal in his scarlet robes. For thirty years past we have been pretty well habituated to that once unwonted spectacle, and Protestants have learnt to gaze with as much equanimity at the Babylonian symbol which once affected their nerves as a red rag is said to act on a mad bull, as Oxford undergraduates gaze after their first freshman's Sunday at the scarlet procession of Heads and Doctors at St. Mary's. In truth the least point of attraction about Dr. Newman to the outer world is the fact that he happens to be a Cardinal, though no sensible man grudges him the honours thus tardily awarded by the Church of which he is so conspicuous an ornament. For many years past, whenever it has pleased Dr. Newman to deliver himself of any public utterance, his countrymen have been eager to listen to what he had to say to them. And his two latest deliverances—the address at Rome last year, on receiving his Hat, on which we commented at the time, and his address the other day at Willis's Rooms—do, whether by design or not, very remarkably complement each other, and bring out in con-

junction two leading antitheses of the religious and ethical teaching so impressively and consistently exemplified throughout his whole career, both in the Church of his birth and of his adoption. In his Roman address he insisted, as he has always insisted since the appearance of his earliest work on *The Ariens of the Fourth Century* in 1833, on the supreme importance of the dogmatic principle, and protested against the favourite theory of modern religious liberalism that "one creed is as good as another." In his address the other day he dwelt, as he has again and again done before, on the duty of recognizing under its different aspects the supplementary truth of the due place and importance of natural religion. It may be just worth noting that there is no sort of difference in his treatment of such questions before and since he became Cardinal. A shallow and ill-natured critic observed not long ago, in reference to his strong comments on some of the wild vagaries of "Mariolatry" exposed in Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*—that "his red night-cap would be sure to preserve him from any more 'bad dreams.'" The remark was not more unmannerly than uncalled for. Never has the new Cardinal studied moderation of tone—both in what he says and in what he leaves unsaid—been more conspicuous than in his recent address on the Conversion of England.

When we speak of the Cardinal's moderation of tone we do not mean merely that he discusses the possibilities and methods of the conversion of England to his own faith without any invectives against Protestantism generally or against the Church of England. That is true of course, and all who know anything of his character and writings would have assumed beforehand that it would be so, while they would no less clearly understand that this moderation of temper does not in his case arise from coldness or indifference. As he has himself observed in one of his Oxford Sermons, "It costs nothing to be dispassionate when you feel nothing, and to be benevolent and considerate when you have no principles and no opinions." But it is not always so easy to cultivate such dispositions when you have very decided convictions and feel keenly about them. The first point, however, to which we desire to call attention here is not so much what may be called the controversial fairness and sobriety of Cardinal Newman's address, as his calm and balanced judgment in handling points on which sincere religious believers of very opposite schools, Roman Catholic or Protestant, are apt to be fanciful and extravagant. There is probably no living theologian, as has already been intimated, who has a firmer—we might almost say more passionate—hold on the dogmatic and supernatural principle in religion; yet it would be difficult to bring out more distinctly than he does here, as in many previous publications, the necessity of recognizing—to use theological language—the due relations of Nature and Grace. In the brilliant volume of *Discourses to Mixed Congregations* which he published four or five years after his great change, some of the most eloquent passages are on this subject; and so again, in his Lectures on *University Education*, he draws out with all his singular fertility of thought and expression a kind of Athanasian Creed of natural theism, antecedent to all details of revelation. It is in the same spirit that he here urges on his coreligionists the need of defining to themselves precisely what they mean, and what they ought to ask for, when they pray for the conversion of England. Is it a conversion of the State, or of the nation, or of the people, or of the race, and from what to what? In former days such prayers had a very definite meaning. "To pray for the triumph of religion was to pray for the success in political and civil matters of certain Sovereigns, Governments, parties, nations." And thus "in England Catholics in the sixteenth century would pray for Mary, and Protestants for Elizabeth." But their prayers can have no political drift now; it may indeed be questioned if they did wisely to desire such assistance then, or if it profited them much when for the moment their petitions seemed to be granted:—

Queen Mary did not do much for us. In her short reign she permitted acts, as if for the benefit of Catholics, which were the cause, the excuse, for terrible reprisals in the next reign, and have stamped on the minds of our countrymen a fear and hatred of us, viewed as Catholics, which at the end of three centuries is as fresh and keen as it ever was. Nor did James II. do us any good in the next century by the exercise of his regal power. The event has taught us not to look for the conversion of England to political movements and changes, and in consequence not to turn our prayers for it in that direction. . . . I think the best favour which Sovereigns, Parliaments, municipalities, and other political powers can do us is to let us alone.

But still, he argues, it is necessary to have some present and tangible object for our prayers, both for our own sakes, and because we are else very likely "to irritate those for whom we pray," as though there were some secret and underhand design against them. Only we should be careful—and this is the point specially insisted on—to be "satisfied with ordinary acts of Providence," and not to ask for miracles. Of Cardinal Newman's firm belief in the miraculous there can be no shadow of doubt, and therefore his language on the subject is the more telling and significant:—

What I would urge is this: the Creator acts by a fixed rule, which we call a system of laws, and ordinarily, and on the whole, He honours and blesses His own ordinance and acts through it, and we best honour Him when we follow His guidance in looking for His presence where He has lodged it. Moreover, what is very remarkable, even when it is His will to act miraculously—even when He outsteps His ordinary system—He is wont to do honour to it while overstepping it. . . . For the most part His miracles are rather what may be called exaggerations, or carrying out to an extreme point, of the laws of Nature, than naked contrarieties to them; and if we would see more of His wonder-working hand we must look for it as thus mixed up with His natural appointments. As Divine aid given

to the soul acts through and with natural reason, natural affection, and conscience, so miraculous agency, when exerted, is in many, nay, in most cases, a co-operation with the ordinary ways of physical nature.

It is, then, only our duty, the Cardinal argues, "if the Almighty thus honours His own ordinances" in the natural dispensation of things, to honour them too, to take likely rather than unlikely objects of prayer, and not to say, e.g., of this or that particular person whose conversion we have set our heart on, "We will have him," as though we held "that doctrine of the Hindoo theology represented in Southey's poem, that prayers and sacrifices had a compulsory force on the Supreme Being." In short, those who pray for the conversion of England to the Catholic Church mean, or ought to mean, to pray for "the growth of the Catholic Church in England," and that by ordinary, not miraculous, means:—

They would look for the gradual, steady, and sound advance of Catholicity by ordinary means, and issues which are probable, and acts and proceedings which are good and holy. They would pray for the conversion of individuals, and for a great many of them, and out of all ranks and classes, and those especially who are in faith and devotion nearest to the Church, and seem, if they do not themselves defeat it, to be the objects of God's election; for a removal from the public mind of prejudice and ignorance about us; for a better understanding in all quarters of what we hold and what we do not hold; for a feeling of good will and respectful bearing in the population towards our bishops and priests; for a growing capacity in the educated classes of entering into a just appreciation of our characteristic opinions, sentiments, ways, and principles; and, in order to effect all this, for a blessing on our controversialists, that they may be gifted with an abundant measure of prudence, self-command, tact, knowledge of men and things, good sense, candour, and straightforwardness, that their reputation may be bright and their influence wide and deep; and, as a special means and most necessary for our success, for a larger increase in the Catholic body of brotherly love and mutual sympathy, unanimity, and high principle, rectitude of conduct, and purity of life.

To such prayers and aspirations on the part of their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen no Protestant can reasonably object; with a good deal of what is suggested, indeed, every reasonable man would concur. Nor could Roman Catholics well do or desire less consistently with loyalty to their own belief. But the Cardinal's moderation of tone is equally remarkable alike in his limitation of the objects to be desired, and of the methods by which they are to be sought. We can readily imagine that there were those among his audience who would have preferred a very different kind of exhortation, and who must have felt themselves hit hard by that characteristic reference to "the Hindoo theology" of the *Curse of Khamana*. And there are many hot-headed religionists of a very opposite persuasion who might profit by such weighty and sound advice. Thus only the other day a Dublin Correspondent of the *Record* devotes half a column to denouncing and deploring the culpable apathy of his co-religionists in "simply letting Roman Catholics alone," instead of straining every nerve for "their conversion to the true faith of the Gospel." "Cannot," he indignantly exclaims, "God the Holy Ghost convert Roman Catholics? Is not the means He uses for that purpose the Gospel? Is not the duty of preaching that Gospel to Roman Catholics just as clear as that of preaching to the heathen? And if the Church persists in neglecting this duty, what can she expect? What but chastisement, humiliation, and defeat?" Cardinal Newman is no doubt quite as earnest as this Orange apostle in his desire for the conversion of outsiders to what he considers "the true faith of the Gospel"—though he does not suggest that Protestants are no better than heathens—but they differ *to the very core* in their ideas of how that desire may be most piously and profitably acted upon. To the Church of England the Cardinal makes no reference in his lecture, and this silence is in itself significant. He had spoken of it in former works as "a serviceable breakwater" against errors worse in his opinion than its own, and had expressly disclaimed any desire for its overthrow. In his address at Rome last year he specified, as a menacing sign of the times, the combination of hostile sects "to oppose the union of Church and State and advocate the unchristianizing of the monarchy and all that belongs to it," and he spoke of their possible success as "a catastrophe." There can be little doubt that in this matter his mind remains unchanged. He has no desire to promote the interests of his own creed by means which he would regard as suicidal. He is anxious of course for the advance of the Roman Catholic Church, and would be very glad to see it once more dominant in England; he notes with satisfaction the progress it has actually made of late years—mainly, if the truth must be told, through the influence of his own teaching and example—in the goodwill of his countrymen, and to some extent in numerical strength. But he cherishes no fond dream of a speedy or miraculous triumph; he looks for success only to orderly action on "the free will of our countrymen," and to "the majestic march, and slow but sure triumph of truth and right in this turbulent world." And meanwhile he does not contemplate training the minds of his countrymen for the acceptance of what he deems that fuller truth by shaking their hold on such truths—however presumably inadequate—as they already hold. He would be thankful indeed to witness what to his apprehension is the only perfect vision of "peace," but he is not prepared to "make a solitude" in order to clear the way for it. If such large-hearted and large-minded views were more common among leaders of religious thought than they are, we do not say that the triumph of Rome would be nearer, but all would have cause to rejoice who look forward to the prevalence and steady advancement in the world of charity, of concord, and of truth.

NURSES AND DOCTORS.

OF late years a great deal of attention has been given to the care of the sick, and even if the subject has not assumed the proportions of a "fashionable mania," it has been felt that nursing is a suitable employment for educated women, and that it opens a career which, though requiring a special training, is not only not derogatory to them, but is one in which delicacy and refinement are peculiarly requisite. This movement, which may be said to have begun in the Crimean War, has been steadily growing, and has led to the formation of various sisterhoods and schools for nurses, sometimes connected with some particular form of religious belief, and sometimes not. It was not likely that the public hospitals of this country would long remain unaffected by the movement, more especially as it was generally felt that there was room for improvement both in the character of the staff and in the regulations. Accordingly in several of these institutions new nurses have been secured superior to their predecessors in education, training, and social position, and new rules have been introduced which, while carefully arranging for the rest and recreation of the attendants, are yet of a very strict disciplinary character in all matters affecting the welfare of the patients. It was of course impossible that changes of so much magnitude, affecting the interests and positions of the various officials, should take place without a good deal of controversy, and every one will remember the dispute which arose at King's College Hospital in consequence of the Governors of that institution objecting to the nursing of their patients being undertaken by the St. John's Sisterhood, not on the ground that it was ill done, but that the Sisterhood was not entirely under their control. In that case an appeal was made to the subscribers and the public at large, who decided in favour of the nurses. We understand that the result fully justifies that decision. At Guy's Hospital, however, where differences have arisen which have caused much ferment in medical circles, the disagreement has been between the visiting medical staff (who wish to preserve the old order of affairs) on the one side, and a reforming matron on the other. In the month of October last a new matron was appointed, who had had long experience in a similar position at Leicester, and, with the approval of the Treasurer, who is responsible for the general management of this hospital, she made changes which have proved so unpalatable to the visiting staff that they have made them the ground of a formal complaint to the Governors. When we mention what some of these changes are, they will not, we think, appear wholly evil to the lay mind. The nurses are for the future forbidden to wear long earrings or gaudy ornaments, or to prepare or eat any food in the wards; they have to wear a uniform cap and apron; and they are at intervals moved from ward to ward for the purpose of increasing their experience. They are no longer divided into separate classes for day and night work, but all take their fair share, which is desirable both because the strain on their health is less under this arrangement, and because it was found impossible to secure the services of superior women for night nursing alone. Facilities are also afforded for lady pupils to increase their efficiency by attendance at the hospital. We are not surprised to learn that these changes commend themselves to the resident physician, a man who, to quote Dr. Moxon (himself among the strongest opponents of all change in these matters), is "the best living authority on hospital management." Indeed, if things have come to a "crisis," it must clearly be from some other cause than the radically vicious nature of the alterations; some may suppose it to be want of tact on the matron's part, some may set it down to pique on that of her opponents. To judge which of these two views is the true one, it may be useful to know what has been the opinion of the Governors in the matter. Now the Governors of Guy's are, as Dr. Moxon says, "princes, bishops, nobles, statesmen, financiers"; they have gone carefully into the charges preferred by the doctors against the matron; and though it must be evident to every one that the natural disposition of a body of men of this kind without special knowledge would be to support the complaining experts, the fact is that they have decided almost, if not quite, unanimously in favour of the matron, on the ground that the complaints against her were either frivolous or unproved.

With affairs in the state we have endeavoured to describe, "the relations" being "very much strained" between the matron and the doctors, and nothing but the inherent solidity of the venerable institution preserving it from the fate of a house divided against itself, an article appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* from the pen of Miss Margaret Lonsdale. If it was intended as an attempt, in return for benefits conferred, to pour oil on the troubled waters, it has certainly proved a failure. Much allowance ought undoubtedly to be made for a young lady who has just published a book that has run through seven editions, and who is asked to supply a paper on a kindred subject to a popular periodical. Nevertheless we dare say that Miss Lonsdale would now be the first to acknowledge that she acted indiscreetly, not to say ungratefully, in availing herself of the generous permission of the hospital authorities to study nursing under their roof, and then, without their sanction, using the knowledge thus gained to draw a highly coloured picture of the faults in the management existing there till within the last few months. Though we are constrained to say that Miss Lonsdale, considering her position, ought never to have written the article above referred to, and though the violence with which she attacks a certain class of women suggests rather youth than charity in the writer, nevertheless we are glad it has been done, as it has given the public an opportunity of learning

the truth about matters in which they have a great interest, and which it is very important should not be settled in a corner. In calling her article "The Present Crisis at Guy's," Miss Lonsdale was peculiarly injudicious; had she but realized the safety of generalities, and chosen a humbler if less attractive title, she might have escaped the triple attack which her own editor, after the treacherous fashion of the present day, has let loose on her, and the *Contemporary* of this month might have been without the verbose fulminations of Dr. Moxon. This gentleman's contribution to the pretty quarrel is indeed extraordinary, whether we consider the violence of the writer's tone or his inability to combat the difficulties of his mother tongue. Whatever may have been the lady's sins in the matter of acrimony, the Doctor has certainly bettered the example. Such words as "discomplement" and "a slant eye," and the description of St. Thomas's as a "handsome elaborate byword," will, we think, justify our criticisms on his style, while the following sentence, taken from the same source, is at once offensive and obscure:—"Miss Lonsdale should, when she wishes to wound, always take care that she does not enlist the conscience of her victim on his own side; thus would she reach a greater refinement of cruelty." After this specimen of his writing, the reader will perhaps be surprised to hear that the *Spectator* pays Dr. Moxon a compliment on his literary attainments. It would, however, be but of little moment if the strong bias which influences Dr. Moxon only interfered with his power of expression; unfortunately, it also prevents his taking proper care to ascertain the accuracy of his facts. Thus he puts the following query with a view to depreciate the quality of the nurses now at Guy's:—"Is not the new Matron now engaging domestic servants for nurses on the 'new system' and applying to the Registry Office for them?" We have unimpeachable authority for answering this question in the negative. Not only is there no necessity for such a course, but the authorities are receiving frequent applications from such places as the Leeds Infirmary to be allowed to send nurses to Guy's to be perfected in their duties. There is another matter in this article that is calculated to mislead, and that is the frequent quotations from an "official account" by the Resident Physician. Now one of the latest acts of the Governors has been to pass an order forbidding any of their staff to write to the public press on hospital affairs, and it would be, to say the least, surprising if Dr. Steele should so promptly have run counter to their wishes. Our information justifies us in asking whether it is not true that Dr. Steele has made no official statement whatever. Again, Dr. Moxon is desirous of showing that the class of Sisters under the old system was sufficiently high, and to this end he quotes the cases of six ladies of good birth and education as having "recently" left in consequence of the matron's action. Of these we learn that the last three had left some four or five years before the new system was introduced; that the Sister said to be "discharged on account of her religion" was removed because she declined to comply with the general regulation that the Sisters should read prayers in the wards; and that one of the remaining two ladies was dismissed in accordance with a recommendation from the former matron. Arguments based on such untrustworthy data as the above can carry but little weight, and we regret that Dr. Moxon was not more precise in his inquiries before giving publicity to their results.

The article of Sir William Gull in the *Nineteenth Century* is, as might have been expected, free from such faults as these, and the asperity with which he rebukes the lady's somewhat pert positiveness is quite justifiable. What is particularly to be noticed is that on the points with which the public are concerned he is by no means entirely at variance with her. One of Miss Lonsdale's principal complaints against the old system is that people were placed in the position of nurse who had not received proper training, and had previously fulfilled for a few months the humble post of scrubber or ward-maid; whereas nowadays no woman is considered qualified to be put in charge of a patient till she has been a probationer for two or three years, and has regularly studied all the details of nursing. On this subject Sir W. Gull says very decidedly and with perfect candour:—

Hitherto there has been but little selection of proper persons to become nurses, and it is a matter for congratulation that the authorities of our large hospitals are alive to the pressing importance of this matter, and are willing to make arrangements for both the selection and the training of such women. Any action in this direction will be not only in the interest of the patients of the hospital themselves, but also in the interest of the public at large.

And later on he mentions that he has himself been pressing on the authorities of Guy's to prosecute the movement for making the Hospital available as a training college for nurses as it already is for students, and expresses his fear lest the manner of Miss Lonsdale's remarks should hinder the very cause she has at heart. After this no one can help feeling that, though Miss Lonsdale may have somewhat exaggerated the evils of the old system, and though it may be perfectly true that Guy's in particular has for a long while and on the whole been well conducted, yet the general aim of the new system to improve the tone and training of our nurses is highly commendable, and that it is much to be regretted that the visiting doctors should be found in opposition to it.

It has been very sensibly said that no reform is wholly good; and so it is in the matter of nursing. It is very natural that, in proportion as the Sisters are drawn from a higher grade of society, are more

intelligent, and, in fact, more fit for their duties, a desire should arise on their part for greater independence. As Miss Lonsdale herself admits, "It is a real and not merely an imaginary danger that highly-trained nurses are more likely to be tempted to overstep the just limits of their position"; and we certainly consider that a nurse's proper position is one entirely subordinate to the doctor's, and that her duty is to ask his advice and follow it on any point on which she may be in doubt as to his views. It is impossible that a good doctor should be unacquainted with the details of the management of the sick; and it is, as Sir W. Gull says, a fundamental error to arrogate for any system of nursing sources of knowledge not derived from the medical profession. We feel on reading such a sentence as the following—"A doctor is no more necessarily a judge of the details of nursing than a nurse is acquainted with the properties of certain drugs"—that Miss Lonsdale is carried away by her desire to give due weight to the importance of nurses so far as to unduly curtail the sphere and responsibility of the doctor. Sir W. Gull indeed goes so far as to say that it is a poetic fiction to suppose that women have an inherent fitness for nursing; but we cannot help thinking that the majority of mankind will still take Sir Walter Scott's view, and prefer the attentions of a lady to those of the most "quietly zealous" medical students, provided they are sure the lady is acting under the direction of a doctor, and not carrying out "the evolution of nursing to a higher level" according to her private ideas. There is this, too, to be said as to the subordination of hospital nurses to doctors—that a nurse can only be expected to carry out the instructions of the particular doctor who attends her patients; she has not to swear a vow of obedience to the whole profession, including students; and we can cordially sympathize with the irritation with which Miss Lonsdale speaks of bearish lads coming in at all hours, making a litter, and generally disturbing the economy of the wards. It is true that Sir W. Gull is directly opposed to this view, and considers that "the quiet zeal evinced by the students is one of the most pleasant and useful influences in a hospital"; but the public, who, we regret to say, have not the most exalted idea of medical students as a class, are not unnaturally a little sceptical as to the advantage to the patients of allowing these young gentlemen to wander at their own sweet will through the wards in search of knowledge, and will not, we think, at the first blush admit the "absurdity" of Miss Lonsdale's proposition that the nurses should at times have a right to exclude the students from the wards. It is no doubt desirable that medical students should have the advantage of studying the phases of disease and the effect of remedies in a large hospital, but the public have a right to demand that, while no hindrance is thrown in the way of gentlemen or lady pupils acquiring useful knowledge, the interests of the patients for whom the hospital was founded and for whose sake it is kept up should be the first consideration with the authorities.

LOSS OF THE AMERICAN.

ALL who have read the accounts of the foundering of this vessel must have learnt with peculiar pleasure that her gallant commander was amongst those saved by the barque *Emma Herriman*. Under the most trying circumstances Captain McClean Wait's conduct was marked by perfect coolness and judgment, and, with the knowledge that his vessel must almost inevitably sink, he seems to have taken all possible measures with admirable foresight, and to have shown no more flurry or anxiety than if a trifling accident had occurred. The incidents of the loss, it is true, were not nearly as terrible as those of most famous shipwrecks have been; but nevertheless a tremendous responsibility rested on the Captain, and there was much that might have shaken the nerve of a less strong and capable man. The story of the foundering of his vessel is a singular one. After experiencing a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay, she had, it seems, good fortune so far as regarded weather, and was getting near the Equator, when, on the morning of the 23rd of last month, the propeller shaft suddenly gave way, smashing, apparently, through the pipe and tunnel which surrounded it, and through the side of the vessel. The screw raced furiously for a short time and then stopped. The water of course rushed into the ship, and a brave effort which the third engineer made to get to the breach in the tunnel was unsuccessful. One of the officers was lowered over the stern, and it was ascertained that the propeller had "drooped" and that the stern post was bent, so that the vessel was utterly disabled so far as steam propulsion went. The water entering through what must have been a large opening, rose rapidly in the after hold. The pumps were immediately set to work, but the water continued to rise in spite of them; and the Captain, who from the first had shown perfect coolness and presence of mind, ordered that provisions and water should be put into the boats, and that they should be lowered. As it was clear that all the spare space would be wanted for these absolute necessities, he refused, with commendable firmness, to allow the passengers or crew to place any bundles or packages in the boats. That there was scarcely any chance of saving the vessel must have been clear; but Captain Wait rightly judged that it would be some time before she would sink, and, considering no doubt that a good meal would keep up the passengers' courage, and that the store in the boats ought to be economized as much as possible, he sent them into the saloon to breakfast. This over, they got into the boats; and, inspired probably by the admirable

example of the commander and his officers, showed praiseworthy firmness and self-possession, the embarkation being effected, according to one of the seamen, as quietly as though a pleasure-trip was in contemplation. Having thus assured, so far as was possible, the safety of his passengers, the Captain, who appears to have calculated the time of the ship's sinking as calmly as if he were making some everyday computation, called on the crew to make a last attempt to save her. They appear to have responded most willingly, and everything that could be done was done to keep the *American* afloat. Coals and cargo were thrown overboard, and the steam-pump, which had broken down, was set going; but all to no avail, for the water rose steadily, and the sea, which was getting up, made a clean breach over the quarter-deck. At 11.30 A.M., there being clearly no hope, the Captain ordered the men to take to the boats, and they obeyed with some alacrity, as may well be imagined. After they had all safely embarked, the Captain, left alone on board the sinking vessel, called on them to give three cheers for the ship. They did so; and then, having done all that was possible to preserve life and to save the property of the owners, and having obeyed a noble tradition as a frigate captain of the old time might have done, the commander at last consulted his own safety and left the *American*, which shortly afterwards sank.

The fact that all were thus able to escape from the ship was, of course, due in the first place to her being properly provided with boats. Of these there were eight, some of which were apparently large ones. In spite, however, of there being quite enough of them to hold the crew and passengers, and in spite of the considerable time which elapsed between the accident and her sinking, there might have been on board one of those painful scenes of panic and confusion which have so often occurred at shipwrecks, if it had not been for the excellent organization which prevailed. As was to be expected with such a captain, all the boats were kept ready for work, and during the voyage the crew had been regularly drilled at boat service, so that when the order was given to lower the boats, every one knew what to do, and, without any kind of confusion, they were lowered as quickly as those of a man-of-war would have been. It has been stated that, within two minutes after the order was given, the boats were all in the water. The orderly way in which everything was done and the sight of the boats in the water no doubt tended to prevent any panic on the part of the passengers; but it is only fair to say that they seem to have shown unusual courage. The example of an intrepid man not in the least dismayed or bewildered by a great disaster, and of the subordinates whose admirably seconded him, had its effect on all. It is most gratifying to observe that there were none of those attempts by the seamen to save themselves, regardless of others, which have so often been made when passenger ships have been lost. The safety of the passengers was thought of first, and then the men did their best to save the ship. It is singular to contrast the order which prevailed on board the *American* when there were eighteen feet of water in the hold, with the scene that occurred some ten months ago on board a Channel steamer when one boat had to be lowered.

After the vessel had sunk, the little squadron under Captain Wait did not long keep together. At the time of the disaster Cape Palmas, the point of junction of the Ivory and the Gold Coasts, was some 250 miles distant, bearing about N.E. For this Cape the course was given by the commander, and a strong and favourable wind at first sent the boats quickly on their way. The first and second cutters and second lifeboat outsailed the other five so much that at dusk the latter were out of sight. The three boats were hove to for a short time by the chief officer, who was in command; but as the others did not come up, he determined to proceed on his course, and determined wisely, no doubt, as it is difficult to see that anything would have been gained by waiting. During the next day (the 24th) the three boats parted company, the cutters outsailing the lifeboat. At six the following morning land was made by the former, and, when near it, the cutters were picked up by the *Congo*, a homeward-bound steamer. The behaviour of Captain Liversedge, the commander of this vessel, was most praiseworthy. Placing a look-out at the masthead, he steamed about in search of the other boats, and at the end of an hour and a half picked up the second lifeboat. The search for the rest was continued during the whole night, lights being burned at intervals of half an hour. A twelve hours' quest having proved fruitless, the *Congo* resumed her course, and landed the shipwrecked passengers and seamen at Madeira on the 8th of the present month. Of the remaining five boats, three were picked up by the barque *Emma Herriman* on the 24th and 25th of April, and those who had been on board them were transferred on the 27th to the steamer *Coanza*, which took them to the port of Gran Bassa on the African coast. Of the other two boats nothing has yet been heard; but very possibly they have been picked up by some outward-bound vessel. A strange misfortune befell those who were landed at Gran Bassa. They embarked on the 1st of the present month on board the steamer *Senegal*, which made for the island of Great Canary. Off the coast of this island the vessel struck on a rock. She was got off, but it was ascertained that she would soon go down; so that for a second time within a few days the unfortunate travellers and mariners experienced the sensation of being on board a sinking ship. The vessel was run ashore, and those on board were saved, with one exception. Owing to some unintelligible clumsiness, one of the boats capsized when lowered, and was cut in two by the propeller. Mr. John Paterson, a member of the Cape Legislative

Council, was drowned, and another passenger had his hand and arm seriously injured. The remainder of those in the boat, however, were saved, and the shipwrecked passengers and crew made their way to Las Palmas, the capital of the island—not, of course, to be confounded with the town at Cape Palmas—from which place they were taken to Madeira by the steamer *Teuton*, a vessel belonging to the Union Steamship Company, which had received orders to touch at Las Palmas to see whether any of the passengers and crew of the *American* had been landed there. At the time of their arrival at Madeira some of them, as may well be imagined, were ill; but it does not appear that what had been undergone had in any case immediately endangered life.

The story of the double misfortune which befell them is made tragic by the lamentable death of Mr. Paterson, and, in spite of legitimate hope, the absence of tidings respecting the two missing boats is painful in the extreme. Happily, however, the account of the loss of the *American* is far from being altogether painful. The conduct of the Captain showed those high qualities which have been thought specially to characterize English seamen, and it is evident that the officers under him behaved admirably. None of the passengers gave way to unreasoning fear, and the seamen, fitly commanded, worked well and steadily to the last. It should be added that the vessel was properly found, the owners having provided her with boats enough to take away all on board in case of disaster; and indeed the only moral to be drawn from the loss of the *American* is that, since it is clearly possible for a passenger steamer to carry a sufficient number of boats, the owners of all passenger steamers should be obliged to equip their vessels properly in this respect, and that no further attention should be paid to the nonsense which is sometimes talked about its not being practicable to do so. Some other nonsense also may not be disposed of by the loss of the *American* and the *Senegal*. For a long time past, whenever the account of the launching of a passenger steamer has been described, it has always been pompously stated that the vessel was divided into watertight compartments, so that, if her skin was broken in any place, the water would enter one compartment, and that, with one or even more full, she would yet remain afloat. The *American* was supposed to be divided into seven of these compartments. Of what avail were they? The breaking of the propeller made a hole in one of them, and in spite of the pumps, the vessel gradually filled and sank. The *Senegal* was in all probability supposed to be divided into watertight compartments. Of what avail were they to her? The ship struck on a rock, and when she was got off was found to be rapidly filling. In how many of the accidents to great iron steamers which have happened of late years have the so-called watertight compartments prevented the ship from going down? It is quite possible that, owing to the necessities of stowage and of passenger accommodation, it may be impossible thus to subdivide a merchantman; but then the public should not be informed of a supposed security against danger which, as a matter of fact, does not exist. That the risk of foundering can be greatly diminished by the subdivision is indisputable; but in too many merchant ships, either the subdivision is insufficient, or else the bulkheads are not really watertight. It is absurd to place any substantial reliance on such precautions as are now taken, and it is much to be regretted that delusive statements should frequently be made. The loss of the *American* may do some good if it causes a wholesome scepticism as to the flourishing accounts which appear of the safeguards against foundering provided in great passenger steamers.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—III.

IN the general sketch which was given a little time ago in these columns of important works to be seen at the Royal Academy, most of the interesting pictures in the first gallery were specially mentioned. Some productions of particular merit, however, necessarily escaped notice. Among these are Mr. Oswald von Glehn's very graceful and tender "*Ænone*" (31), which the Hanging Committee have poked into a corner, where its merits are discovered only by pain and labour; and Miss Hilda Montalba's "*Venetian Boy unloading a Market-Boat*" (32), which fully deserves the good place assigned to it. The work is strikingly free and vigorous, both in drawing and colouring, and makes one hope very much from Miss Montalba's powers. M. Mesdag's "*Night; Scheveningen*" (38) is a fine effect, strongly represented; and Mr. Fahey's "*I'm Going a-Milking*" (50) exhibits very favourably the artist's capacity for seizing and interpreting the tender, half-pathetic moods of Nature. What kind of thing Mr. Frith proposed to himself to seize or interpret in his staring, commonplace picture of a "*Tenby Fishwoman*" (58) it would be idle to inquire. No doubt the work will be admired, just as the vulgarest novels find the largest number of readers; and it is to be feared that it must be long before there is any widespread hesitation in gratifying the demand for that which is liked solely by reason of its common and shallow nature. In this room there is one picture, Mr. Peter Graham's "*Highland Drove*" (26), which we have already mentioned, but which can be looked at again and again with increasing pleasure. The spectator who is fortunate enough to know and love the Highlands is at once carried into them while he looks at Mr. Graham's marvellously painted cattle and at the light which seems almost to shift and change before one's eyes on the hillside. Amongst other works not yet men-

tioned in this gallery we may direct special attention to Mr. Magrath's very clever picture, "*In the Green Fields of Erin*" (72). In the second room Mr. Barrett Browning, whose versatility appears to be not the least of his merits, exhibits a very clever and humorous portrait of a pig under the title "*Watching the Skittle-Players*" (102). The players are out of sight, so that the attention is left free to concentrate itself on the representation of their audience. The "*Race to Market, Tahiti, Society Islands*" (115), by Mr. N. Chevalier, is a fresh and original picture, full of sunlight and movement. The attitude and look of the dog in one of the racing canoes is a happy touch. Mr. Arthur Lemon's "*Cattle in the Roman Campagna*" (120) surely deserved a better fate than that of being "skied." For his picture of "*Sunrise, Waterloo Bridge*" (118), Mr. John O'Connor has chosen as a motto Wordsworth's magnificent lines:—

The river glideth at his own sweet will,
Dear God! The very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

In saying that the choice is justified by the painting of the picture we give the artist the very highest praise. Mr. Leslie's "*All that Glitters is not Gold*" (131) is curiously vicious in style. The rustic is such a rustic as has never been seen out of a stage crowd while the "supers" dresses have still the gloss of novelty, and the whole picture is as irritatingly smooth and clean as the interior of a prison. Mr. Boughton's "*Évangeline*" (139) is in itself a charming picture, but the motto—

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale—

is a trifle unhappy, since the one quality which is not present in the picture is that of heat. We return, with renewed pleasure, to the "*Sister's Kiss*" (142), painted by the President. The natural beauty of the pose, the delicacy of the colouring, the elasticity of the principal figure, and the sense of free open air that pervades the picture, all combine to make it, as we have before said, a work of extraordinary beauty. The line of pictures amongst which it occupies the most prominent place seems to have been arranged with an unusual and welcome attention to the effect of colour which may be obtained by judicious hanging; and Mr. Perugini's pretty and graceful "*Siesta*" (150) aids in a marked manner the pleasing general result. In "*Follow my Leader*" (155) Mr. J. A. Storey has found again the attractiveness which seemed to some extent wanting in his last year's pictures. The subject is eminently pleasing, and it has been treated with fine and skilful appreciation. Mr. Alma-Tadema's two fine works in this gallery (176, 195) have been already spoken of.

In the third gallery a prominent place is held by "*Victoria Regina*" (217), by Mr. Wells, a picture purporting to represent the Queen receiving the news of the death of William IV. The first thing which, to borrow a French phrase, "leaps to the eyes" of one who looks at this picture is that the kneeling figure would, if he stood upright, be about fifteen feet high. Consideration of the unpleasant colouring and the stiff woodenness of the whole composition may follow upon contemplation of this. Amongst other works in this gallery to which we have not yet called attention we may notice Mr. Aumonier's very pleasing landscape of "*Oxford*" (223), Mr. Parsons's "*October Evening*" (222), and Mrs. Perugini's clever picture of a child in distress over "*Multiplication*" (231). Beyond these we come to the President's "*Light of the Harem*" (256), the beauty of which seems somewhat marred by its curious pallor, to a striking picture by Mr. Blashfield, "*The Roman Ladies—a Fencing Lesson at the Gladiator School*" (251), and to a strangely and unhappily careless work by Mr. Hook, "*Sea-pools*" (261). Other important pictures not yet referred to are Sir John Gilbert's finely studied and coloured "*King Henry VI.*" (275), Mr. Marcus Stone's "*Amour ou Patrie*" (282), and Mr. Briton Rivière's "*Night Watch*" (298). This is a curiously impressive picture. The solitude of the place, the grandeur of the columns rising against the night sky, the stealthy prow of the lions, who are the only living and moving things in the picture, and the bright light reflected from their watchful eyes are all given with admirable feeling and fidelity. This is certainly one of the best pictures that Mr. Rivière has produced.

The fourth room contains one of the two finest sea-pieces of the year, "*Britannia's Realm*" (387), by Mr. Brett. This is a wonderfully fine rendering of a wide stretch of calm, open sea dotted with sails. The freedom, the vigour, and the impressiveness of the work are in the highest degree remarkable. Mr. Brett has perhaps never painted any better thing. In this gallery hang also Mr. Frank Holl's effective, if somewhat conventional, picture, "*Ordered to the Front*" (366), and Mr. Long's "*Portrait of Mr. Irving in Hamlet*" (416), in which the general impression of Mr. Irving's conception of the part has been seized and rendered with a feeling and skill which more than atone for a slight shortcoming in the matter of likeness. Mr. J. D. Watson's "*Corporal Trim*" (375) is an admirable work, illustrating a pathetic incident in a simple, straightforward, and touching manner. Mr. Seymour Lucas has a clever *genre* picture, "*Drawing the Long Bow*," and Mr. Vicat Cole exhibits an excellent landscape, "*On Silver Thames*" (393). Mr. G. H. Boughton's "*Our Village*" (338) is marked by the peculiar and quaint charm which the artist has the secret of giving to scenes and incidents which might easily appear commonplace. M. Chierici's "*Desperate Venture*" (349), a picture of a child taking its first walk surrounded by its relations, deserves praise for its feeling as well as for its technical skill.

We take this opportunity of noticing Mr. Henry Blackburn's excellent *Academy Notes* and *Grosvenor Notes* for 1880. These handbooks, admirably arranged and got up, are at once pleasant records and, to the critic condemned in the case of the Academy to take in as much as he can of a vast exhibition in a few hours, valuable helps to memory. We fail to see why Mr. Frith's "didactic" series of pictorial anecdotes, called "The Race for Wealth," which happily is not exhibited at the Royal Academy, should be included in the *Academy Notes*. One other point in them seems to compel attention. "This picture," Mr. Blackburn writes of Mr. Orchardson's "Bellerophon" (262), "is the only work of importance of which no sketch has been received for *Academy Notes*." It is, no doubt, a humorously practical comment upon this deplorable fact that the sketch given is so minute as to be all but indistinguishable from the letterpress into the centre of which it is thrust.

THE OPERAS.

IT was evident from Mr. Gye's announcement at the beginning of the season that he had determined to rely upon the "star" system for success. This mode of proceeding, however much it may be to the benefit of the management, is undoubtedly greatly to the detriment of the quality of the Italian opera. To depend upon one or at most two good singers for each opera performed, supported by others far from efficient, and a chorus but indifferently trained, would be certain in any other country than this to meet with condemnation; but the English public are patient and thankful for the little they can get. The stars that Mr. Gye brings forward this year are not numerous. Mmes. Albani and Patti and M. Lassalle are expected to carry the whole burden upon their shoulders, unless Signor Gayarré is to be counted among the luminaries. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that no novelties are produced, and that some only too well-known operas are repeated *ad nauseam*. It remains to be proved whether this mode of proceeding will end in success or not; for if it does succeed, we may expect next season to have a still inferior class of secondary performers, and after that still worse, until at last it will become necessary to advertise the precise time at which the star appears on the stage, so as to allow those who care to do so to come in to hear the only part of the opera that is worth listening to.

In Gounod's *Faust e Margherita* Mme. Albani this season "stars" as Margherita with Signor Gayarré as Faust. After her two years' absence from the operatic stage, it is not to be wondered at that her performances should be a matter of great interest to the public. The part of Margherita, liable as it is in the hands of an inferior artist to degenerate into one of mere sentiment, is a genuine test of the higher powers and dramatic instinct of the performer, and acquires an interest paramount in the representation of the work. With a really good Margherita we may almost put up with an indifferent Faust. And so it was on the occasion of Mme. Albani's first appearance this season. From the time when Margherita enters in the Kermesse scene to the time when she throws herself upon the straw pallet in the dungeon, Mme. Albani's rendering of the part is uniformly excellent. In the garden scene the contrast produced by her singing of the plaintive ballad while she is spinning and the childlike delight depicted in the jewel song immediately after was very effective, and the last longing look she gives at the jewels in the casket before closing it at the appearance of Faust and his friend was very near perfection. No less admirable is her acting in the scenes of deeper emotion. Her misery at her brother's death, her shame and remorse in the awful cathedral scene, and her half insane and wholly pitiful utterances in the prison were all very forcibly given. It is the more desirable to call attention to the histrionic merits of this performance because of its welcome contrast in this respect to the indifference too often shown by singers to the dramatic side of opera. For instance, when Faust sees Margherita at his feet after her avowal of her love for him, Signor Gayarré, instead of making some attempt at acting, turns himself almost insultingly away from her and shouts his part to the audience. The illusion of the piece is gone, and with it, of course, much of the interest. Of Mme. Albani's singing it is not necessary to say anything more than that it calls for as high praise as does her acting. Mlle. Pasqua took the part of Siebel and sang it with credit. Faust was allotted to Signor Gayarré. It is a pity that, with such a voice as this singer possesses, which he used to such advantage in "Salve Dimora," he should not be able to discriminate between singing and shouting. His straining at the higher chest notes has anything but a pleasing effect with respect to intonation. The Mefistofele of Signor Vidal deserves praise as an interesting impersonation; but his voice, especially in the lower register, is quite unequal to the size of the house. A little more of the devil and less of the abject coward in the scene with Valentino and chorus in the second act would be preferable. Nevertheless his play is very effective, and his acting throughout conscientious. Signor Cotogni, who sang much below his usual mark, was the Valentino, and Mme. Ghiotti Martha. The ludicrous and irritating change of scene at the end of the first act still obtains, we regret to say. It is difficult to conceive any stage device more monstrously absurd and out of

place than the wretched pantomime effect. It only remains for the stage-manager to arrange a harlequin exit through a clock face for Mefistofele, and an entrance on a slole for Margherita, amid coloured fires.

The appearance of Mlle. Turolla as Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*, for the first time in London, attracted a large audience. Mlle. Turolla gave a very creditable and pleasing rendering of the heroine's part, and in the last act—or, rather, the third act, which ended the opera on this occasion—she showed herself possessed of some tragic power. Her voice is of a sympathetic quality, with considerable flexibility. To Mlle. Schou was assigned the part of Margaret of Valois, which she played rather with the *naïveté* of a schoolgirl than with the stateliness of a queen. Her voice is a soprano of a tender quality, and will doubtless in time gain the power which it now lacks. Mme. Scalchi played Urbano, the page, and as usual sang excellently throughout the part. Raoul fell to Signor Gayarré, who showed no further sign of being an actor than he did as Faust; whilst Nevers was entrusted to Signor Cotogni. It is perhaps hard to expect every one to raise the part of Nevers to a leading position, and perhaps Signor Cotogni never dreamed of doing so; but there are possibilities in it, and some singers have taken advantage of them. Signor Cotogni, we suppose, did not attempt to give it any force, but accepted it as a minor rôle. Signor Vidal's Marcello, like his Mefistofele, is a good rendering, but with the same disadvantage of voice which we before spoke of. By no means an inconsiderable impersonation was the St. Bris of Signor de Reszke, who may some day be heard of in a greater part. In Meyerbeer's operas the chorus naturally plays a very prominent part, and it is therefore necessary that it should be well trained and efficient. This may be considered a mere detail; for, provided the chorus asserts itself boldly in noise, it is supposed that the public are satisfied; but we wonder what the public would have thought of the unaccompanied "Rataplan" chorus had the orchestra suddenly sounded the true notes about halfway through. The effect, we do not hesitate to say, would have been unique.

Verdi's *Il Trovatore* is so general a favourite with "country cousins" that a full house may nearly always be counted upon, and on its first performance this season we were not only promised a new tenor, but found that M. Lassalle was to take the part of the Conte di Luna. The house, however, was not so large as might have been expected, owing perhaps to the fact that some had found out that M. Lassalle was not going to sing. Much disappointment and dissatisfaction was openly expressed that the change in the programme had not been made sufficiently public, and that no reason had been assigned for it. With a season devoid of novelty in its *répertoire*, the management might surely attempt to avoid adding such disappointments as this to the load of dulness which the patient public is obliged to bear. To Mlle. Alwina Valleria fell the part of Leonora, and the way in which she performed it deserves every praise. She is a valuable acquisition to Covent Garden both as singer and actress. The Azucena of Mlle. Pasqua was also a very good impersonation, and her rendering of the music allotted to her artistic. To pronounce an opinion at a first hearing upon a new tenor is not, to our thinking, either just or permissible, and we should like to hear M. Engel once at least again before doing so. An operatic artist's *début* is perhaps a more trying ordeal to undergo than that of an ordinary actor, and we can at least congratulate M. Engel upon having gone through it with credit. A pure tenor voice nowadays seems to be more and more of a rarity, and people, considering such a thing almost impossible, have agreed to accept the nearest approach to it they can find. M. Engel's voice is of that quality which would justify its being classed either as a tenor or baritone, a kind of voice not at all rare, especially with the French. He is certainly not a tenor of the first rank, although he possesses a few very telling high notes. Of his rendering of the part of Manrico it may be said that he knew perfectly well what he had to do and did it intelligently. There was nothing startling in his reading, which is perhaps the very best thing that can be said of it, except that he appeared to be master of the stage, a rare thing, as we have already observed, with tenors at Covent Garden. An excess of tremolo in his voice, arising perhaps as much from nervousness as from anything else, will, we hope, be avoided in his subsequent performances. Should his further appearances confirm our opinion, we shall, although not hailing him as a star, be very thankful that he has been added to the staff of the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Graziani played the Conte di Luna, a part familiar to him. A little excitement was caused by a certain section of the audience vigorously demanding a repetition of "Il balen," while another section was nearly as energetic in making a counter demonstration. Applause gained the day, however, and Signor Graziani had to repeat the song, which he did very tamely indeed. Why the *encore* was demanded is and always will be, a mystery.

M. Lassalle was, of course, the centre of interest in *Un Ballo in Maschera*; and, although Mlle. Turolla was announced to sing the part of Amelia, she was replaced without notice by Mlle. Montilla—another disappointment inflicted by the management on the public. The part of Renato, the generous friend of the Duke Riccardo, who repays him by trying to estrange his wife from him, was very ably sustained by M. Lassalle, who gained the applause he deserved for his magnificent singing. With his superb baritone voice he combines artistic skill of the highest order, both in singing and acting. This, the only male "star" Mr. Gye has favoured us with, is veritably a brilliant one,

"Alla vita che t'arride," in the first act was admirably given; and the scene in the third act where Renato comes to warn the Duke of a conspiracy, and finds him with a lady, whom he promises to conduct to the city gates, and who proves to be his own wife, was acted in a most masterly manner. As a piece of tragic acting, also, it would be difficult to surpass M. Lassalle's in the fourth act, where Renato's wife begs to be allowed to see her child before she dies. Mlle. Montilla's impersonation of Amelia was praiseworthy, and her singing pleasing. Mme. Scalchi, as the fortune-teller Ulrica, sustained her well-merited position as a first-rate singer and actress; and Signor Carpi, as the Duke, and Signori Scolaro and Capponi, as Angri and Armando, fulfilled their parts with credit.

The first performance to which we can give almost unqualified praise this season was that of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with Mme. Albani as Elsa. It is difficult to speak too highly of her rendering of the part. As the forlorn maiden, championless until a miracle produces the Knight of the White Swan, the tender-hearted princess who shelters the revengeful Ortrud, the bride at once joyful and full of doubt, and, at last, as the despairing victim of Ortrud's hatred, Madame Albani was magnificent. We have seldom seen an actress so thoroughly throw herself into the part she has undertaken, and, without fear of overpraising, we can say that she gives as fine a reading of Herr Wagner's conception as has been vouchsafed us on the London opera stage. Especially excellent was Mme. Albani's singing of "Aurette a cui si spesso," when she appears in the balcony in the second act, and "Tu non conosci," a little later on, when she rebukes Ortrud for doubting Lohengrin; and the expression of rapturous love that comes over her face as she reiterates the words "sua sposa" in the same scene, almost defies description. Mlle. Pasqua showed that she had given great pains and much study to the difficult and disagreeable part of Ortrud, and the subtle hatred and pent-up revenge of the insulted woman were finely depicted. Signor Gayarré was for once electrified into acting, and his propensity to shout did not find that opportunity which has been given it in the other operas that he has played in this season. His address to the swan in the last act was really fine, and the whole of the music of the bride-chamber scene was feelingly rendered by him. Signori Cotogni and Silvestri rendered valuable aid in the respective parts of Telramund and the King, and Signor Capponi sustained the arduous part of the Herald with credit. We must take exception to Signor Vianesi's reading of the magnificent entr'acte music at the opening of the third act. It was never intended to be galloped through as an unmeaning fanfare of trombones, and by his disregard of the tempo, or his unnecessary haste to get to the end of the opera, Signor Vianesi came very near ruining one of the most remarkable pieces of orchestral display in the whole work. With this exception, the representation of *Lohengrin* was one worthy of the largest opera-house in the United Kingdom.

M. Lassalle's known success as Nelusko last season made it a certainty that before long *L'Africaine* would be produced at Covent Garden. It may be said shortly, as of the racehorse Eclipse, that Nelusko was first and the rest nowhere. As usual at Covent Garden, the scene on board ship, save for the mast which stands in the centre of the stage, might be on dry land. There is nothing else to indicate that Don Pedro is afloat, and it might be an improvement if a large placard were fixed to the above mentioned mast, stating that what is taking place is supposed to be on board a Portuguese man-of-war.

Signor Vianesi conducted the orchestra on each occasion. In the delicate expression of variations of piano and forte we are sorry to say the orchestra is not strong, and, owing perhaps to its size, the loud passages are so loud that we are inclined to pity the singers on the stage, who are supposed to make themselves heard above the din of the instruments that intervene between them and the audience. A little more care and a judicious adaptation of his sound power would greatly improve Signor Vianesi's band.

Year after year the public have to put up with the intolerably bad libretti supplied to them within the walls of Covent Garden. A moderately accurate book of the words at least might be expected, but even this is not granted, and as if to add insult to injury a most despicable translation in a language scarcely recognizable as English is foisted upon the unwary purchaser. The whole book, it may be added, is most atrociously printed. Surely it would not be hard to have this matter rectified, especially as people seem quite willing to pay for a good libretto.

If anything was required to prove that the "star" system is a mistake from an artistic point of view, it would only have been necessary to be present at Her Majesty's on the opening night. We may congratulate Mr. Mapleson that he has not followed the example of his rival, Mr. Gye, for, taken as a whole, the performance of *Faust* at Her Majesty's was incomparably better than that which we have already spoken of at Covent Garden. With Mme. Christine Nilsson as Margherita, Mme. Trebelli as Siebel, Signor del Puente as Mefistofele, and Mr. Maas—the only true tenor we have heard this season—as Faust, this favourite opera was scarcely likely to fail. Of the first two singers it is hardly necessary for us to speak, as their capabilities are already too well known to need description, and criticism has always been and can only be laudatory; but of Signor del Puente's Mefistofele we must say a word or two. And first, to touch upon a mere matter of dress, at the risk of being thought hypercritical, let us implore Mefistofele to procure another and less absurd feather for his cap. This feather, which looks like an overstrained pair of pincers, is almost as annoying as M. Maurel's celebrated gas-

flame which he substituted for it in the cathedral scene; nay, perhaps it is more so, as it is ever present. Signor del Puente's impersonation of the character is good all round, however, except for an unpleasant fidgetiness which he exhibited when he was imprisoned in the absurd cage provided for him in the cathedral scene, owing perhaps to an over anxiety about the manipulation of the red light upon him. Mr. Maas, who, as we have already said, is the only real tenor we have heard this season, has a future before him. He gained a well-deserved success on the opening night, and gave promise that he intended to maintain it. Gifted as he is with the true tenor quality of voice, he has given careful study to enhance its charm, as is evident from the vast improvement in his vocalization and phrasing even since last year. He has perhaps not given sufficient attention to action, but that will come. Signor Mario, we have always understood, had the same difficulty to overcome, and latterly he was perhaps a finer actor than a singer. Perhaps one of the greatest charms of Mr. Maas's singing, always excepting the fact that his voice is one of those rarities, a tenor proper, lies in his not straining his voice "to split the ears of the groundlings," which shows him to be a true artist. He can sing an upper C without the brazen or even reedy effect that is so common in many so-called tenors of this day, and we fervently hope that he will never condescend to shout at the audience after the manner of Signor Gayarré. The chorus at Her Majesty's requires strengthening and weeding. It was really painful to listen to the first chorus in the opera on this night, both as to time and vocalization, in spite of the praiseworthy efforts of Signor Arditi and his electric bell. We may however congratulate Mr. Mapleson on his choice of a successor to Sir M. Costa's *bâton* in Signor Arditi, and we are pleased to find that he has given the public a chance of hearing an opera by Wagner under the conductorship of Herr Richter.

REVIEWS.

HOWORTH'S HISTORY OF THE MONGOLS.*

THIS is "a second instalment" of Mr. Howorth's ponderous *History of the Mongols*. It is in imperial octavo, and in small type. The first volume, of which a notice was given in the *Saturday Review* of October 21, 1876, contained nearly eight hundred pages. This second volume, in two parts, has more than a thousand pages, and the work is not complete; how much there is yet to follow does not appear. As we observed in our former notice, it is a book for reference, not a book to read. It is a mighty maze, and possibly may have a plan, but this is not conspicuous. The style is diffuse and wearisome. If the author had practised "the art to blot" more freely, he would have done more credit to himself, and made his book more agreeable to his readers. But in the matter of style he disarms his critics by a candid confession:—

Style I profess in this work to have none. In some places, where perseverance has almost succumbed under the load of monotonous detail, I feel on reading the phrases again as if they had been written in the unsophisticated days of early school life, when style and punctuation were both contemned. It has been as much as patience and vigilance could secure that the narrative should be intelligible; and in many places where the pen would willingly have run riot, where a little poetry might have been scattered among the phrases, the temptation has had to be sternly resisted, for fear the facts should be distorted, and lest what is necessarily a very compressed narrative should swell over untold volumes.

We may assure the writer that his work has not suffered from over-compression; but we would gently ask him if the author of such a book is justified in that utter disregard of style which he so ingenuously acknowledges. One critic, he says, "has complained that his style has not the majestic ring of Gibbon, or the easy flow of Macaulay." We should be content if, *longo intervallo*, he showed any of the merits of those great writers. Few authors attain great excellence of style, but men of only moderate pretensions should strive after some felicity of expression, and might avoid such Irishisms as "traversing the arid steppes of Asiatic history and tracking out their rivulets and streams." To Mr. Howorth's unwearied perseverance and industry the highest commendation is due. He has brought together from many sources an immense amount of information; and, if he is content to have amassed this vast store and to wait for one to come after him "who can epitomize and point the moral of the whole story," we can only hope that he may meet the reward of his labour, and have, as he desires, "the satisfaction, which some say is worth living for, of having done his best at what his hand found to do."

The first volume was almost exclusively filled with the life and conquests of Jingis Khán. This ruthless conqueror possessed all the virtues and vices of his race in a pre-eminent degree; and his genius dominated all who fell under his influence. A born warrior, he not only conquered wherever he marched, but he infused into his generals and soldiers such confidence in their invincibility that victory attended their banners even when he himself did not take the field. The empire which he had conquered was too vast and heterogeneous to be held together by hands less powerful than his

* *History of the Mongols, from the Ninth to the Nineteenth Century*. Part. II. The so-called Tartars of Russia and Central Asia. By Henry H. Howorth, F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co.

own. He foresaw this, and divided his possessions among his four sons:—

These divisions subsisted long, and were all feudally subservient to the senior house. Then they broke asunder. Then each one disintegrated into smaller fragments, and eventually into still smaller. . . . All these sections, great and small, were ruled by princes of the sacred caste, and had an aristocracy of the same descent. Jingsis Khan was the fountain of all their princely houses, while the upper castes, equivalent to the upper and middle class with us . . . were also, in the main, of Mongol descent. They belonged, in the language of the Kazaks, the proudest and most illustrious of robbers, whose polity is the most democratic of oligarchies, to the class of white bones; while those whom they led and taught and commanded belonged to the class of black bones.

The present volume, or Part II., as Mr. Howorth calls it, deals with "the so-called Tartars of Russia and Central Asia." At the death of Jingsis Khan, in the year 1227 A.D., when his empire was partitioned among his four descendants, the territory which fell to the share of Jüji, his eldest son, was the *dasht* or steppe of Kipchak. Jüji died before his father; but his eldest son, Orda, received his father's share. It comprised the country lying north of the lower course of the Jaxartes, the Sea of Aral and the Caspian, with the rich countries on the Don and Volga, and part of those on the Black Sea. Orda held the greater part of these territories, and was the titular head of the house. But Batu Khan, his brother, took the western parts, and acknowledged only a nominal feudal dependency on his elder brother Orda. This Batu was an enterprising chief. He penetrated into Central Europe, subdued Hungary, conquered all the country as far as the Carpathian mountains, and established a suzerainty over Russia. That division of the race of which he was the head was known to the Western world as the Golden Horde, a name which it derived from the great gold-embazoned tent which was set up for the dwelling of the chief in the Ordu, or camp. Mr. Howorth says this word *ordu* is "equivalent to the German *hort* and the English *horde*"; it is rather perhaps the original of these words. To Englishmen the word is well known in another sense, as the name of the Hindustani language, which is called Ordu or Urdu from having sprung up in the camps of the Mahomedan conquerors. The Golden Horde experienced some vicissitudes, and in the last quarter of the fourteenth century it received a stunning blow from Timur, or Tamerlane. This conqueror was of pure Mongol descent, but the people of his tribe from long residence in Turki countries had become Turks in manners and in language—that is, Eastern Turks, who must not be confounded with the Osmanli or Western Turks, whose Sultan Bajazet was so signally defeated by Timur. After this the Golden Horde gradually decayed, and, suffering several secessions, it dwindled down into the small Khanates of Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia, which were finally absorbed by Russia in the sixteenth century.

The main interest of the present volume centres in the information which it supplies respecting the rise of the Russian Empire, for, as Mr. Howorth says, "It is assuredly an interesting inquiry to analyse the conditions under which such a community as that of Russia was moulded." At the time of the Mongol invasion Russia consisted of a number of feudal principalities paying only a nominal allegiance to the over-chief, the Grand Prince of Moscow. They were unable to make any effectual resistance to the overwhelming hosts of the invaders. The country was trodden under foot. Havoc, destruction, and slaughter marked the course of the conquerors, who were accustomed, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "to treat human beings as flies, and to convert whole nations into wildernesses." But the land of Russia proper had few or no attractions for a nomad pastoral race. Its forests and swamps were unsuited to their mode of life. They withdrew to the Ukraine and the grass plains beyond the Dnieper. What might have happened if they had established themselves in Western Russia can only be conjectured, but when they retired, Europe certainly escaped from an awful danger. The Mongol invasion nevertheless had a great influence on the population of Russia. Here as elsewhere the Mongols asserted their superiority, and the white-boned race largely recruited the ranks of the upper classes. Some colonies which occupied the grassy valleys maintained a separate existence and assimilated but slowly with the neighbouring peoples. Ivan III. and Ivan the Terrible were the Tsars who extended their domination over the decaying power of the Mongols and Tartars, and

probably carried the autocratic theory of government more completely to a logical conclusion than it was ever carried before. Russia in their hands became in fact a mere multitude of abject slaves subject to a most tyrannical master, who crushed out and destroyed the old aristocracy, while almost every trace of municipal and social freedom disappeared. The servility which had been exacted by the Mongols was transferred to the Tsar and his officials; all power was directly dependent on himself; birth, reputation, wealth, were of no influence when in opposition to his whim, and every trace of liberty was uprooted. Serfdom was introduced, the peasant was tied down to the land, and the whole nation by an ingenious hierarchy of officials was made a mere machine, of which the key was in the hands of one irresponsible person, and during one long reign in the hands of a madman and a monster.

A long period of stagnation followed the consolidation of Russia. Ignorance and social degradation everywhere prevailed. The whole land was shrouded in darkness and crushed under the heel of a brutal despotism. At the end of the seventeenth century rose Peter the Great. He first gave Russia a place among the nations of Europe. He no doubt failed, as Russian historians confess, in many of his designs. The soil of Russia was unprepared for the civilization of the West which he sought to transplant.

He gave the country, however, what was more important to its material welfare, an outlet to the outer world. Up to his time the Russians were enclosed on every side by hostile neighbours. On the south the Crimean Tartars barred the access to the Black Sea. "In the west and north-west the Swedes and Danes, the Livonian and Prussian Knights, and the Germans created a cordon of fiscal and other barriers, which absolutely closed all ingress and egress for the arts and humanities except through the narrow portals of the Hanseatic league." The discovery of the entrance to the White Sea by Englishmen in the sixteenth century had a great influence on the prosperity of the country, and, as Mr. Howorth observes, no other proof is needed to show the thorough isolation under which the country suffered. Peter forced his way to the Baltic and the Sea of Azoff, and at the end of the last century Catharine completed his work in the latter direction by the conquest of the Crimea. The desire for a more extended seaboard still animates their successors. Peter's desire to be near the civilization of the West led him to found St. Petersburg, and to commit what Mr. Howorth considers "was perhaps the greatest blunder of his life." His desire for a capital in proximity to the sea, through which the culture of the West might penetrate into his benighted empire, made him overlook the great disadvantage of placing the heart of the country in an extremity instead of in its midst. Mr. Howorth sees some hope in the future for the people of Russia and its "ignorant, happy-go-lucky, servile, drunken peasants"; but he says very truly that little good is to be expected from the sudden introduction of parliaments, juries, self-government, and other institutions of older and more advanced communities. Some advance has, he says, been made. He thinks even that

The Russian race is immensely altered, and that the metaphorical Tartar apostrophized by Voltaire is no longer the prominent feature in it. We shrink no doubt from many of the characteristics of Russian public life, from its Oriental system of diplomacy, from the atmosphere, tainted with corruption, in which its bureaucracy lives, the want of genuine patriotism among its masses, the crass ignorance of its people, and the degraded position of the Church in its rural districts. We would see these things disappear, and we believe they are disappearing, and that a genuine heaven is gradually leavening the lump.

It is to be hoped that these opinions are well founded, but they derive no obvious confirmation from current events.

Mr. Howorth has his word to say upon the views of Russia in the East. He is content to see her "stamping on the incorrigible robbers of Asia," for there she may even effect an improvement; but "her foot is heavy, and few daisies grow where it has trod. When Russia annexes a province, it ceases to be a part of the world's common capital of culture and wealth." He shows that the eyes of the Russians have long been turned with desire to Constantinople; and Tzargorod, the "City of the Tsars," as they call it, was an object of ambition long before the time of Peter. The possession of this point of vantage would be tantamount to "freezing up one of the most important channels the world possesses." The Slavs of the south are much in advance of the Slavs of Russia; and, though they have many things in common, their interests and feelings are too adverse for the realization of the dream of Pan Slavism. The union of the southern Slavs under the rule or protection of Austria gives promise of the growth of a power able to bar the progress of Russia to the south.

A study of some parts of this bulky work would undoubtedly help to a more thorough understanding of the great question of the time. No true judgment can be formed of the prospects of a nation without a fair knowledge of the peculiarities of the people. Race, habits, qualities, antecedents, all need to be scanned as carefully as the great facts of history. The book before us contains abundance of such information, and it is much to be regretted that no assistance is given to those who would seek it. Perhaps it is too much to ask for an index to an unfinished work; but we may well complain that it has no table of contents, no list of chapters, no entry of dates in the head-lines—in short, none of those helps to reference which save time and spare the temper of the seeker. There is an infinite number of divisions, consisting of a bewildering succession of personal memoirs. He who would consult the work on any particular point will be lucky if he finds what he wants without a long and irritating search.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE IN 1789.*

THE publication of these letters scarcely stands in need of the justification offered in the opening lines of the preface. It has been truly said that there are some great events or scenes in history of which the world will never tire. Such are Waterloo, the French retreat from Moscow, and the first French Revolution. It is with the last of these three that these "unstudied letters" deal. Dr. Rigby, the father of Lady Eastlake who edits this volume, was born in 1747, and with three other gentlemen—Mr. Boddington, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Woodhouse—undertook what was intended to be a pleasure trip in the summer of 1789. That Dr. Rigby was in politics and aspirations a Whig of the old stamp we can readily believe; but his sympathies with a vast community struggling to make head against oppression seem now and then to have led him, like others of the same creed, into anticipating somewhat more permanent and peaceful successes than events justified. We shall consider his letters under two main

* Dr. Rigby's *Letters from France, &c., in 1789*. Edited by his Daughter, Lady Eastlake. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

aspects. First, we have the incidents of travel, ordinary and even commonplace, but so attractive to those who in this generation can almost remember the change from sailing-packet to steamer, and from lumbering diligences, *malle-postes*, and *estafettes* to express trains. We all feel a pleasure in realizing the annoyances and discomforts to which travellers like ourselves were put just a century ago. And, next, there is the account of what the four Englishmen never anticipated but had to witness at Paris in the famous week of July 1789 which began with Sunday the 12th of that month. We do not intend to convey the impression that any such marked division naturally characterizes Dr. Rigby's letters, addressed collectively to his first wife and two daughters long since deceased; but we cannot help drawing the distinction between the experiences of a mere tourist and the materials supplied by the same person as an eye-witness for the revision of the historian.

On Friday morning, July 3, the four travellers found themselves on board a "very neat vessel," properly fitted up for passengers; and it is gratifying to learn that, weighing anchor (as we interpret the letter) about 6 A.M., they set foot on shore at Calais by noon the same day. They went to the "Silver Lion," an hotel which we think must, in later days, have been eclipsed by those of Dessin and Rignolles. Here the dress of the French girls, the muscularity of the lower orders, the bad beer, the excellent Burgundy, the boys bathing, the fine strong soldiers, all furnish matter for comment. Leaving Calais at six in the morning, they got to St. Omer by ten—not bad travelling, seeing that their five horses and one mule accomplished about seven miles in the hour—and they reached Lisle at eight. They seem to have made a short stay at this town, at Douai, and at Cambrai, to have passed through the forest of Chantilly, "the undisturbed residence of deer, wild boar, pheasants, and all kinds of game," and to have got to Paris on the evening of Tuesday the 7th. They travelled in a landau; and in this part of the trip may be said to have had quite as good a time of it as fell to the lot of many travellers so late as the year 1830. When they got away from Paris, having witnessed scenes which ought to have considerably modified the Whig doctrine of the perfectibility of Parisian nature, they halted at Fontainebleau, slept at Auxerre, and, as we read it, at Dijon, Châlons, and Macon also; and, after a very bad dinner on some freshly slaughtered pigeons at St. Albers, reached Lyons on July 23rd. In this town Dr. Rigby found much more to admire in the Hôtel-Dieu than in the theatre, where the "performance" was execrable, the actors bad, and the singing wretched. A bargain was next concluded with a "rascal of a boatman" to take the party down the Rhône to Avignon. This impudent fellow asked eighteen louis and took nine. It may be in the recollection of many readers that steamers used to make this charming trip down stream, between the above-mentioned two places, in a single day, except when the boat happened to run on a sandbank, or was detained by a fog or want of water, in which event the luckless passengers were landed and put up in some *cabaret* on the banks for the night. The Roman remains at Vienne, so well described in Dumas's *Impressions de voyage*, if we remember aright; the irregular mountain ranges of Grenoble; the dirty streets of Avignon, with its Papal palace not yet converted into a huge *caserne*; the celebrated aqueduct at the Pont du Gard, and the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, are all described or touched on with intelligence and taste. The high tower, or phare, just above the last-named town is called an "ancient gazebo," which hardly accords with our recollections of the building. Marseilles and Toulon are next brought before us; and here a touch of the Tory Englishman of that school which a few years afterwards was taught to hate frogs and Buonaparte comes out in the praises bestowed on a dinner à l'anglaise. It consisted of "plain roast beef and boiled potatoes, with some special good draughts of porter." The change from the landau of France and the boatmen of the Rhône to what is obviously the *returino* system of Italy was not, in Dr. Rigby's eyes, a subject of commendation. The roads were good, and the *Cornice* a "wonderful" work; but stinking inns and cheating landlords were hardly compensated for by the sight of picturesque towns that seemed to "hang in air," as the hamlets do in Macaulay's Lays, and by fertile and well-watered plains full of corn, and chestnut, mulberry, and beech trees. Turin was the furthest point reached in Italy, and this town also is characterized as filthy, and full of ecclesiastics, soldiers, and beggars, that swarmed under an arbitrary and bad Government. From the capital of Piedmont it was then, as now, easy to reach Geneva by the Mont Cenis and Chambery, at which place there were some pretty women, and sundry of the French runaway noblesse. Chambery was no cleaner than Turin. The inevitable *char-à-banc* took the travellers to Ohamoumi by Sallenche; and the ascent to what Dr. Rigby calls the *Montagne Vert*, since corrupted into Montanvert, was accomplished with no more difficulty and danger than "moderate perseverance" could overcome. Then comes the familiar trip to Martigny by the Col de Balme, to Bex, to the cascade beyond it—which is no doubt very picturesque, but bears a most unenviable title—and to Vevay and Lausanne, where we have references to Rousseau and "Mr. Gibbon's House" and his History. The travellers went by Berne, Basle, and down the Rhine in a boat to Cologne and Düsseldorf. They found time also to get to Amsterdam, the Hague, and Helvoetsluis, which place they left on Sunday, the 6th of September, at four in the afternoon, "in Captain Flynn's packet," to be taken off by a fishing-boat, after a bad passage, and landed at Yarmouth

some time on the 9th of the same month. It must be obvious that such a correspondence is mainly valuable because it shows what a man above his age in intelligence and sympathies thought of a neighbouring country just about to take its first leap in the dark.

Lady Eastlake, with some slight perplexity, endeavours to reconcile her father's enthusiastic descriptions of French agriculture, comfort, and cheerfulness, with the misery that unquestionably preceded the cataclysm of 1789. To read some of Dr. Rigby's descriptions, the French people were enjoying an almost incredible degree of social prosperity. Never was there such a rich country or such a splendid climate. Every acre had been brought under the plough or the spade. Even Chantilly was a charming place. Vines were luxuriant where nothing else would grow. The extent of agricultural development was only rivalled by the healthiness of the population, by the industry of the tillers, by the succession of agreeable scenes, by the smiling and contented faces of the people. The very reverse of all this was observable in Germany and Holland. The Low Countries were wide wastes and the people stupid. The German towns had no trade. The Elector's gardens showed no taste. The public buildings were daubed over with red ochre; the towns were barren of entertainment; the postal service ill-managed; the officers of Government were boorish and uncivil, and so forth. How far this amazing discrepancy between one kingdom and another, between the sham France of the letters and the real France of the historian, may be due to Dr. Rigby's desire to get to his journey's end, or to the good harvest of 1789, which at last came after several bad years, or to political sympathies, which may have coloured the landscape, purpled the vine, and given a bright tint to wheat and barley, we do not care to determine. But revolutions are stern facts, and we have too often compared records of travel with the reality to put implicit trust in cursory estimates of the capacity of a country or the character of its people made from the box of a landau. When the late Mr. James Wilson arrived in India in 1860 to set right the finances, he literally broke out into ecstasies on beholding the cultivation of the Doab of Hindostan, and inferred the capacity of the Punjab to produce everything and to bear lots of taxes. He had seen nothing like that in Belgium. Yet a very few months must have taught him that India was a poor country, and that a grower of tulips in the Netherlands was a very different person from a Punjabi ryot. Again, in the Orissa famine of 1865-6, parts of the Lower Provinces of Bengal seemed outwardly as flourishing as ever, with teeming rice-crops far as the eye could reach, while there were withered stalks and stunted herbage in the next district or division, and people had begun to die of starvation. Lady Eastlake's pardonable attempts to vindicate her father's character for sagacity merely prove to us the extreme danger of accepting hasty generalizations even when made by travellers whose intelligence and veracity no one would question.

But no such criticism can detract from the value of Dr. Rigby's narrative of the terrible days of that third week of July. We have taken occasion to compare the evidence of our eye-witness with the animated pages of Professor Smyth, Mr. Carlyle, and Thiers. The events of that crisis may be summarized as follows. On Saturday the 11th, it was known that Necker had been dismissed. On Sunday there was agitation, terror, tumultuous meetings, and, contrary to French custom, the theatres were shut. On Monday morning the 13th, the mine exploded. Prince Lambese ordered his dragoons, the Royal Allemands, to fire on the mob; while the Garde Française fraternized with the latter, and the prisons were forced, all except the Bastille. On the 14th, Tuesday, the Bastille was taken, after a siege of some four hours. By Wednesday the 15th, the King withdrew his troops, and presented himself to the Assembly at Versailles. All Thursday the excitement still continued, and on Friday the 17th, the King entered Paris, and went to the Hôtel de Ville. During Saturday workmen completed the destruction of the Bastille by levelling it to the ground. But then things were more quiet, and Dr. Rigby and his companions, after divers perilous adventures, managed to get clear off on their journey to Lyons.

Dr. Rigby witnessed, on Sunday the 12th, that celebrated scene when Camille Desmoulins harangued the people in the Palais Royal. Mr. Carlyle describes the orator as springing to a table, "Sibylline in face, and in each hand a pistol." Thiers slightly varies this by saying that the popular speaker got on a table in the Palais Royal, pulled out his pistols, made a cockade of green leaves of trees, and called on the crowd to follow his example. We note that Dr. Rigby seems to have had no Sabbatical scruples about going to the theatre, for after attending church he had taken his seat at the Théâtre Français, when he was told that there would be no performance, and that his money would be returned. But he was inexpressibly shocked and disgusted at the sight of two bloody heads raised on pikes in the centre of a frantic crowd rushing down the Rue St. Honoré. This was on the evening of the Tuesday, and it is a pardonable error that he at first imagined them to be the heads of the Marquis de Launay, the Governor of the Bastille, and of Flesselles, the *Prévôt des Marchands*. The unfortunate De Launay was mutilated, and his head exhibited as described; but the second head was that of M. de Losmes, the Commandant or Deputy-Governor of the prison. Flesselles was killed, it is true, at the same time, and both Mr. Carlyle and Thiers say that he met his death from an unknown hand. Our curiosity was here naturally excited to know whether Dr. Rigby saw any of the unfortunate prisoners who were dragged out of their cells and paraded through the streets when

the Bastille was taken. We do not find any mention of them in Thiers. This historian merely says that crowds rushed to the Bastille when it was thrown open, to find instruments of torture and deep dungeons, and to gaze with wonder on a huge stone and a big chain. Mr. Carlyle, following the *Moniteur* of the day, says in his peculiar vein, "Along the streets of Paris circulate seven Bastille prisoners, borne shoulder high; seven heads on pikes, the keys of the Bastille, and much else." This fairly accords with a sentence of Thiers:—"Le règlement et les clefs de la Bastille au bout d'une baïonnette." That Dr. Rigby, in the rush and stampede of the surging crowd, only made out two of the liberated captives, if they were all really paraded, does not of course detract from his credibility. It merely shows that even practical and self-possessed men cannot seize every incident in a tumultuous scene. He tells us he saw two victims; one a little, feeble, old man reduced to idiocy; the other a tall and robust figure, with eyes nearly closed, a high forehead, a long beard, and plenty of hair at the back of his head. Of the names of these two prisoners, Lady Eastlake tells us, we cannot be certain. The tall man was said to be Count Auché, and Dr. Rigby understood him to have been imprisoned for writing a pamphlet against the Jesuits. The *Moniteur*, on the contrary, gives the two names as M. Tavernier and M. Whyte. Readers of Mr. Carlyle may remember at this point an affecting quotation from a letter of one Queret-Demery, in which he begs earnestly for news of his dear wife. It was dated October 7th, 1752, but not discovered till the capture of the place. Dr. Rigby, who visited the place on the Saturday following its fall, and saw a number of artists taking drawings of "what from this time was to have no existence but on paper," would have appreciated our historian's humorous lamentation that he could find no plan of the building to aid him in his attempted minute description of outer and inner drawbridges, and portholes, and dungeons out of which old secrets came to view and long-buried despair found a voice. Dr. Rigby, we should state, had no small difficulty in getting clear of all this excitement and tumult. When he had obtained his passport, his carriage was stopped by the mob because he carried pistols, and arms were thought wholly unnecessary against robbers, as "there were none in France." The travellers were called "scélérats" and "noblesse," and hissed and hustled, and had it not been for a friend, Mr. Dallas, and for the opportune recognition of their man-servant by a woman in the crowd, who embraced the domestic as a long-lost brother, they might have experienced more annoyances than the dirt of a bad *auberge* or the impositions of an unconscionable landlord. It is noteworthy that Dr. Rigby hardly ever refers to his companions in any of his letters after the first mention of their names; he never attempts to be facetious; he is nowhere flippant; and his descriptions of a familiar country and a remarkable epoch derive additional interest because they are edited with the care, the good taste, and the accuracy to be expected from the hands of Lady Eastlake. We only hope she has retrenched nothing, but has given us every line that her father wrote.

GREEK COINS.*

WHILE Professor Curtius and his staff have been exploring the remains of the temples of Olympia, an English archaeologist has set in order, and illustrated with the light of contemporary history, the monuments of the Eleans, presidents of the Olympic festival. It is happily no longer necessary to insist on the importance of Greek coins as elements in the history of art. The efforts of the indefatigable Keeper of Coins, and his scarcely less laborious staff of assistants in the Medal Room of the British Museum, have been rewarded by a considerable and daily increasing amount of public interest. Not many years ago it was a very difficult matter to obtain any comprehensive view of the numismatic treasures of the national collection. There were no official catalogues to be consulted, and it was thus impossible to study the coins anywhere except in their trays; and any one who has tried it must recognize the serious objections attending this mode of study. This state of things has now happily passed away. The contents of the Medal Room are rapidly being made known to the world at large by means of illustrated official catalogues, of which a dozen volumes have been published during the last six years, and in which the student may obtain a complete knowledge of the Greek, Roman, and Oriental series without ever visiting the Museum at all. It is true that these catalogues are not precisely easy reading, and are perhaps little fitted to serve as guides to the beginner; but they have given a stimulus to the whole study of numismatics, and have become the parents of a rapidly increasing series of more popular handbooks, which cannot fail to make their subjects interesting to a very wide circle of readers.

One of the best and most comprehensive of these handbooks is published in connexion with another great improvement in the popularization of the national collection. The difficulty of obtaining a satisfactory personal inspection of the coins themselves has at length been sufficiently met, not by an in-

crease of the departmental staff, but by the perfection to which the art of making facsimiles of coins has been brought by the skill and science of Mr. Ready, the electrotypist to the Trustees. The coin-electrotypes made by Mr. Ready from casts of the originals are so precisely like the genuine coins that it is no rare thing for connoisseurs for a moment to confound the two. A fairly representative collection of the finest Greek coins, executed in electrotype, is not a very expensive thing, and many private persons, as well as public institutions and schools, have taken advantage of the facilities now offered by the Museum authorities for the purchase of "counterfeit presentments" of the choicest gems in their keeping; and there can be no doubt that the distribution of such collections over the country is doing much and will do more towards educating the popular taste. The Museum has led the way in the employment of electrotype copies of coins. After supplementing the ordinary exhibition of a portion of the actual collection in the Gold Ornament Room by four glass cases of electrotypes of Greek, Roman, and English coins, the combined energy of the Keeper of Coins and the new Principal Librarian has effected a very important addition to the King's Library, to which the public have daily access. By the side of a magnificent exhibition in the originals of the historical medals of the chief countries of Europe, two upright cases have been established, in which electrotype coins of all the Greek cities, from the beginning of the coinage to the Christian era, are exhibited in a clear chronological and geographical arrangement, which is fully explained in a Guidebook written by the Assistant-Keeper of Coins, Mr. Barclay V. Head, already known by his *History of the Coinage of Syracuse*, his *Coinage of Lydia*, and his official catalogue of the coins of Macedon. No more valuable work of its kind has appeared than this *Guide to the Greek Coins exhibited in Electrotype in the King's Library*. The whole subject of Greek numismatics is here luminously expounded. The fine series of typical coins is divided into seven periods, characterized as the period of archaic art, that of transitional art, of fine art, and so on through the periods of gradual decline to that of decay—extending altogether from B.C. 700 to the Christian era; and Mr. Head describes the characteristics of each period (giving references to contemporary examples in sculpture) in a short, clear introduction, before proceeding to the minute description of each individual coin. These introductions are the most valuable part of the work. They enable the student to take in the general principles of Greek numismatics, the gradual development of the plastic art in Greek hands, and the resemblances, and still more the contrasts, to be discovered between coins and sculptures of the same time and the same locality. To one who has mastered these introductory chapters and traced the working out of their principles in the cases of electrotypes in the King's Library, the theory of Greek coin-art is no longer a secret; and he should be able with very little additional study to assign any fresh coin he meets with to the period to which it belongs, and to group a collection in its true order. The seven beautiful photographic plates which illustrate the *Guide* are another instance of the aids which the last few years have placed at the service of the numismatist. Nothing more perfectly representative of the originals can be conceived. A photograph is taken from the plaster-of-Paris casts of the actual coins by the autotype process, and is then transferred to stone, from which impressions are drawn by ordinary lithographic printing. The result is practically a photograph of the original coin, which, if not always quite so clear and decipherable as a line engraving, is absolutely trustworthy and not less permanent.

One may now, for a very inconsiderable outlay, possess a really beautiful collection of the finest examples of Greek art as developed by coin-engravers, or, failing this, one may study such a collection in the King's Library of the British Museum with Mr. Head's *Guide* in one's hand; and yet there is something wanting. The student, and even the ordinary art collector, needs the help of a systematic history of the Greek coinage—a general account of the issues of each city, in which not only shall the leading characteristics be broadly set forth, but the most minute details explained, the reasons assigned for each ornament and symbol, and every aid that ancient history and archaeology can afford brought to bear upon the subject. Such a work Messrs. Trübner are endeavouring to provide for the Eastern section of coin-students in the *International Numismata Orientalia*, which, whilst professing to be little more than a "new edition revised and enlarged" of Marsden's great work, will in truth form an encyclopedia of Oriental numismatics such as no country of Europe has yet produced. But the student of Greek coins has no similar encyclopedia to refer to. The name of Eckhel is above depreciation, but the greatest works may become obsolete; and the more recent Mionnet is extremely unsatisfactory. The most important additions to the science of numismatics have been buried in obscure *Transactions*, *Zeitschriften*, and *Mémoires*, whence it needs no ordinary patience and bibliographical knowledge to exhume them. The British Museum Catalogues, full as they are of learning and research and scientific arrangement, make too severe demands upon the reader's attention and previous knowledge to answer the purpose we have described, and they labour under the necessary disadvantage of being restricted to the specimens preserved in the Museum. What is wanted is something less exclusively special and national—not merely numismatic, but more widely archaeological—not English alone, but European. The writer of such a work must be acquainted with the contents of the

* *Guide to the Greek Coins exhibited in Electrotype in the King's Library, British Museum.* By Barclay V. Head, Assistant Keeper of Coins. (Published by Order of the Trustees.) 1880.

The Coinage of Elis. By Percy Gardner, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. (Reprinted from the "Numismatic Chronicle.") 1880.

museums of Europe and with the labours of all his predecessors; and he must treat the whole from the wide standpoint of art, and not from the narrower view of the special numismatist.

We are glad to learn from the pages of the *Numismatic Chronicle* that such a work is actually in process of publication. A small number of scholars, chiefly, it would appear, belonging to the staff of the British Museum, have arranged to prepare a series of monographs on the coinages of the various cities of Hellas, each of which shall form, as it were, a chapter of a New *Eckhel*—such at least is the ambition of the writers—and the whole, when completed, shall form a full and sufficient history of Greek coins. All the museums of Europe will be referred to, and photographic plates will be added. The value of such a work is indisputable. The only difficulty in such cases is to carry the plan through. Comprehensive treatises to appear in detachments in the *Transactions* of learned Societies are apt to collapse in the third or fourth number. The present scheme, however, promises to escape the common fate. The first part has already appeared, and its merits are sufficient to give an impetus to the whole series. It treats of a particularly interesting section of Greek coin-lore—the coinage of Elis—and it is written by Mr. Percy Gardner, who has won a high reputation by his official catalogue of the Seleucid coins in the British Museum, and his treatise on the issues of the Kings of Parthia for the *Numismata Orientalia*. The *Coinage of Elis* is a good beginning for the “New *Eckhel*.” It includes some of the best examples of the great period of Greek art, and it adds to the artistic a distinct historic interest. Mr. Gardner, if he is a little unsympathetic on the artistic side, does full justice to the historical. His first object, he says, “is to treat numismatics in strict subordination to history. The history of every community treated of will be divided into periods, and to each period will be assigned its proper coins. This has already been done by Mr. Head in the case of Syracuse; and it is our purpose to treat other cities upon the same plan, if at less length. The fact is that—thanks especially to the English numismatists, as well as Dr. Imhoof-Blumer and M. Six of Amsterdam—it has during the last few years become possible to determine with far greater precision the dates of coins. We can usually arrange all the series of money issued by a Greek city in chronological sequence without much risk of a very serious nature, except in details. Thus, for the first time, the history of a city and its coins can be placed, so to speak, in parallel columns, each of which can be called upon to support the other; or, in some cases, the testimony of coins may refute that of the ancient historians; and thus order and system will be brought into the confused chaos of coins cited by Mionnet, and many side-lights will be opened on the connexions of cities and provinces.”

Acting on this principle, Mr. Gardner divides the coinage of Elis into fifteen periods, of which the more important from an artistic point of view are the first seven, which carry the coinage from B.C. 471 to the Macedonian supremacy. We have nothing here to do with the early days, before the Dorian invasion—the “Return of the Heracleidae”—when Elis and the Olympian cult were under the control of the people of Pisa, a city hard by the sanctuary of Zeus. When the Dorians conquered the Peloponnese, Elis was given to their ally Oxylius and his *Ætolians*, between whom and the old sovereigns of the country there was constant feud; the Pisatæ endeavouring to hold their own against the encroachments of the invaders, who had established themselves in the fortress of Elis, “to the north of Olympia, at the spot where the Peneus breaks forth from the Arcadian hills.” Three times did the people of Pisa recover their old supremacy and the coveted presidency of the Olympic games. But the Eleans each time won back their conquests; about B.C. 570 Pisa disappears from history for a while, and the prosperity of the people of Elis begins and grows; and, “under their presidency, the games gained wider and wider fame, until they were one of the chief bonds which held Hellas together, and until the great deity of Olympia was recognized as the Father of the Gods and of Hellenic men.”

As every analogy would lead us to expect, this Father of Gods and Men appears throughout the coinage of Elis in every variety of symbol and portraiture. It was under two aspects that Zeus was worshipped at Olympia. On the one hand, he was “the God of Sky and Weather,” on the other “the Lord and Giver of Victory.” The former is the common aspect among the Greeks. “Both in Messenia and Arcadia Zeus was worshipped on lofty hills, the spots of earth which are most tempest-beaten and most often shrouded in cloud. On Mount Ithome, Mount Lyceus, Mount Olympus, the cloud-compelling deity sat enshrouded in mist, uttering a voice of thunder, and sending out lightnings to lighten the world and rain to refresh it. On a late coin of Ephesus we have a representation of Zeus thus seated on Mount Prion pouring rain on the city of the Ephesians. Such a character also attaches to the most primitive Zeus of Greece, the god of Dodona, who dwelt amid the stormy hills of Epirus, and whose priests, the Selli, slept on the ground, and washed not their feet.” In this aspect we find Zeus represented on the coins of Elis by the thunderbolt, which occurs almost continuously throughout the series; but unfortunately offers little opportunity for the artist’s genius. The eagle, too, when it occurs alone, may be taken as a natural symbol of the Cloud-gatherer; but when, as is often the case, it is struggling with a serpent, or tearing a hare, it is rather a type of the second aspect of Zeus, as the God of Victory; for the appearance of an eagle carrying its prey to an army in battle was an omen of victory, as we learn in the eighth and

twelfth books of the *Iliad*. Mr. Gardner has a great many interesting suggestions and hypotheses to offer about these symbols of Zeus, in many of which—as, for example, the identification of the Ionic column, upon which the eagle sometimes rests, with the *meta* of the racecourse—there would appear to be much reason. The most appropriate of all symbols of Zeus, however, is the figure of the goddess Nike, the personification of Victory, who soon appears on the coins of Elis, at first running to crown a victor; afterwards, standing or seated, in repose. She is the Victory of the Olympic games, not the Victory of common warfare, and carries the wreath of wild olive which was the sole but sufficient reward of the victor in the games. Lastly, we have Zeus himself portrayed upon the coins, sometimes seated on a throne, or mountain, with the “Bird of Jove” flying beside him; sometimes standing erect, and hurling the terrible thunderbolt; sometimes the head alone; but always wearing the “crown of wild-olive” round his well-curled locks. Mr. Gardner bases some very important conclusions on these Elean portraits of Zeus. He seeks by their aid to discover what was the character of the head of Phidias’s great statue of Olympian Zeus. It is impossible for us here to enter fully into the argument; but the evidence offered by coins of the same date as the statue, by coins intended specially to portray the Olympian Zeus, and by a coin meant to be an exact copy of the Phidian head of Zeus, would certainly seem to force upon us the conclusion which Mr. Gardner himself scarcely ventures to draw—that it is really possible to reconstruct the head of the Phidian statue from the materials supplied by the coins.

Though Zeus and his symbols occupy the greater part of the Elean coinage there are several other interesting types. It is very noteworthy that a head of Hera—one of the finest, by the way, in the whole range of Greek coins—appears on the coins of Elis at the very time that the same goddess appears on the coins of her favourite Argos, just at the epoch when the Eleans deserted their old Spartan alliance for a league with the Argives. If a daring hypothesis of Mr. Gardner’s is to be seriously accepted, a very high interest attaches to one of the coins of the old eagle and thunderbolt type, issued after the return to the Spartan alliance. It bears on the obverse the letters ΔΑ, and Mr. Gardner interprets these as the initials of Daedalus, who, according to the best authority, that of Pausanias, executed a trophy which the Eleans at this period erected at Olympia to commemorate a victory which they won over Agis in the course of the war which ended in a revival of the Lacedæmonian alliance. Mr. Gardner pleads eloquently for his theory, and the coins of this period do undoubtedly bear the marks of a renewed energy and skill in the artists; but it would be hard to persuade any one but the discoverer of so delightful a coincidence that the argument for Daedalus’s name on the coin possesses much strength beyond that of the eternal fitness of things. Other types worth remarking are those of the nymph Olympia, and of a warrior leading a horse and carrying a spear, supposed to be Pelops, whom the Eleans probably adopted from their predecessors, the Pisatæ, and whose chariot-race with Oenomaus appears on the pediment of the temple of Zeus. The whole coinage of Elis is full of curious parallels, and Mr. Gardner has done justice to his subject. It is much to be hoped that the succeeding chapters of the “New *Eckhel*” may not fall short of the first in general archaeological interest; but it was not the good fortune of every Greek city to exercise the high presidency of the Olympian games, and to stamp its coinage with the majestic features which Phidias conferred on his Olympian Zeus.

A GOLDEN SORROW.

THE heroine of this story, Miriam Clint, not only suffers a golden sorrow, but also has “the true, rare, wonderful golden eyes.” Very early in the book, before indeed she had left school, she muttered to herself, as she was sticking additional pins here and there amidst the masses of her rich plaits of hair, “I mean to be a rich woman, and to have my own way.” She carries out her intention, marries for money, becomes unhappy, and so suffers a sorrow that is as golden as her eyes. She later on commits a great crime, and no doubt ought to have passed the rest of her days in sackcloth and ashes, if not in penal servitude. She does no such thing. She is at length delivered from her first husband, and by her penitence gains a second, and yet does not lose her ill-gotten riches. In the end, therefore, her happiness may with great propriety be described as being as golden as her eyes and her sorrow. Though Miriam, as we gather from the title of the book, is clearly meant to be the heroine, yet there is another young lady, Florence Reeve by name, who holds quite as high a place in the reader’s estimation. She begins in poverty, and never aims at wealth. Nevertheless, by a most wonderful chance, she becomes nearly as rich as Miriam. In fact, the story has a highly moral conclusion. There are in it three very bad people. They are all cleared away in due course of time, while the heroine and the virtuous characters are left, as the curtain falls, in a state of great respectability and even affluence. Miriam, to be sure, had committed forgery; but what of that? She had repented, and a penitent heroine—above all, a penitent heroine with the true, rare, wonderful golden eyes—surely deserves in a second marriage with a young husband to find some recom-

—A *Golden Sorrow*. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

pense for all she had suffered from the gloomy and elderly tyrant whom she had first married. Her lot as a girl had been a hard one. Her father was even a greater brute than her first husband, and that is saying a great deal. He had but two children—Walter, who is one of the two heroes, and Miriam—and he treated them with the greatest harshness. He lived in "a gloomy house in a dull plateau of unkempt grass." He did not mix with the country gentlemen his neighbours, but spent his time in drinking and swearing. When the necessities of the plot required it, he brought his swearing to an end by drinking himself to death. His son he had driven from home, and the young man, on a small allowance, was studying medicine in London. There he had met the second heroine, Florence, the orphan daughter of a clergyman, and had secretly married her. His allowance was not enough to support both of them, and, moved thereto by his friend Lawrence Daly, the second hero, he resolved to start with him for the newly discovered gold-fields of California, in the hopes of quickly making there his fortune. He persuades his sister, who was just leaving school, to take his wife home with her as her maid. This she does, and Florence, who passes under the name of Rose Dixon, is not once suspected by her father-in-law to be anything but a servant. Before long an elderly widower of great wealth, Mr. St. Quentin by name, visits in the neighbourhood. He falls in love with Miriam as much as it is possible for a man to fall in love who had already broken the heart of one wife. She at once accepts him, carrying out her schoolgirl resolve to be a rich woman. She receives from him a wedding-present of very fine and tastefully selected jewels, and for a time has a pleasant enough life of it. It is almost impossible to imagine that any one could be unhappy in such a scene as the following:—

Miriam was in her boudoir—a large room, with a richly-furnished conservatory at one end, where there was a crystal fountain with an alabaster basin, wherein gold and silver fish disported themselves, and an aviary tenanted by bright-winged birds; where there was a background of strange tropical growths and feathery frondage, from which banks of gorgeous blossoms, and velvet leaves, with cunningly disposed lights, dispersed among them, sloped downward, and surrounded the fountain in semicircular form, with an interval of marble mosaic. The air was warm and perfumed; the feathery rain of the fountain mingled its sound with the cooing voices of the doves nestling behind the silver wires of their cage; beyond the silken curtains lay the boudoir, in which every modern luxury was accumulated for the pleasure of its owner. Things at once beautiful and precious met the eye on every side, and on all was set the impress of supreme good taste in harmony of colour, of design, of arrangement.

But even boudoirs such as this, the youthful reader must take well to heart, do not secure the possessor from golden sorrow. We grieve to have to state that, in utter disregard of the impress of supreme good taste, even in this elegant boudoir, the old man would suddenly lift the mask of smooth amiability, and show his teeth in a snarl, while his wife's great golden eyes flashed scornful triumph upon him. But matters grow even worse than this, though this was bad enough. He began to indulge in soliloquies, and laughed to himself a low, evil laugh, while his well-preserved, good-looking old face was a sight to see for vindictiveness and cunning. He gazed round on her boudoir, while he muttered to himself, "She likes all this; what taste she has! and what a love of luxury and ease! She shall have it, plenty of it, as much as she likes, *for awhile*." He had resolved to make his will and leave all his property to a distant young cousin whom he had hitherto treated with the greatest harshness. This young man in the end turns out to be Lawrence Daly, the bosom friend of Miriam's brother Walter. Mr. St. Quentin, a short while before his second marriage, had changed his name, so that it is not till near the end of the story that the connexion between him and Lawrence is discovered. The elderly husband, bent on at once carrying through his purpose, hurried over to England to see his lawyer at a time when he was suffering under a severe attack of gout. With a degree of rashness that one would scarcely look for in such a man, he insisted on crossing from Calais to Dover on one of those days when a crowd of people, from "some unaccountable sort of pleasure, arising probably from a subtle amalgamation of idleness and spite," always hasten to the pier to see the steamer come in. He was carried up almost dead to the hotel; but at once telegraphed for his lawyer. Miriam at the same time telegraphed for her brother, who had lately returned from California. He arrived a short time before the lawyer; but just after Mr. St. Quentin's death. Miriam, in that entire ignorance of the English law of intestacy which may be expected and excused in the heroine of a novel, thought that the heir-at-law, the distant cousin, would inherit all her husband's fortune, which, by the way, seems to have consisted entirely of personalty. Not a moment was to be lost. She made her brother disguise himself as a sick man at the point of death, and when the lawyer came he had no suspicion but that it was Mr. St. Quentin who was making the will. The trick succeeded, and Miriam came into the inheritance of the vast property. Happily for her, before long she met Lawrence Daly, the injured heir-at-law, and fell in love with him. She was also, much at the same time, seized with penitence, and at once made full restitution. He of course fell in love with her, and they were happily married. Her golden sorrow had been of but short duration.

Meanwhile Florence, the other heroine, had also had her experience of wills and testators. Not long after Miriam's marriage drink had begun to do its work on her wicked father, and he fell dangerously ill. Mr. St. Quentin would not suffer his wife to go to nurse him, and so she sent her maid—her sister-in-law in dis-

guise as she really was. On arriving at the gloomy house in the dull plateau of unkempt grass, Florence found old Mr. Clint very ill indeed. The somewhat minute description of the drunkard's person we could, by the way, well have spared. Happily he is reasonable enough to attach himself strongly to his new nurse, and yet does not go so far as to add to the complications of the plot by falling in love with her. He goes on drinking till he has only just strength enough left to make his will. He leaves all his property to his faithful nurse. He even almost turns penitent, and really makes what, considering how long and how steadily he had been drinking, may be regarded as a very respectable end. A highly melodramatic scene takes place when the will is read, and the lady's-maid is discovered to be the wife of the disinherited son. Walter, at the time of his father's death, was still working in the gold-fields with his friend Daly. As if the story had not in this double will-making interest enough, a third plot is formed for the scenes in California. The two friends discover a huge nugget which would have made their fortune. They are warned, however, by a faithful friend that a plot has been formed to rob them. Just at that time Daly was struck down with fever, while Walter had only had strength enough to secrete the treasure in a cave, and to write down in his pocket-book a minute description of his hiding-place, when he too was attacked by the same illness. The very night that he was seized by the fever, an attempt was made to rob his hut. A faithful but humble friend of the two heroes was murdered, and their no less faithful dog was strangled. The murderer was the medical man who was attending both, and who unfortunately carried off Walter's pocket-book. When Walter recovered, his memory had so far failed that he had altogether forgotten everything that he had done the day before he was attacked. The nugget, therefore, seemed to be hopelessly lost. His memory, however, somewhat returns in the course of time, and, at the very end of the story, Daly, on a hint gained from him, and accompanied by his wife, revisits the gold-diggings, and searches for the cave. He finds that the roof had fallen in, burying in its fall the medical murderer who, guided by the description in the pocket-book, had gone to seek for the nugget. With his death and righteous punishment the reader is left in a state of placid contentment. The two elderly wretches and the young but utterly vulgar ruffian had been cleared away, the beautiful heroine of the golden eyes had repented, while she and the rest of the young people were to pass the rest of their days in what we may perhaps be allowed to describe as a golden state of genteel respectability. Should, however, any young lady among our readers be ready to follow Miriam in her course, and to venture on trying golden sorrow, we would venture to point out to her that, after all, patience may be the wiser course. Had Miriam refused to marry Mr. St. Quentin, she would in a few months have been freed from that tyrant, her father, by the help of the brandy-bottle. Had she not later on forged the will, sea-sickness would have delivered her from her husband, while the law would of itself have given her enough to support a life of great luxury. She chose twice to act very wickedly; but, on the other hand, we must allow that one result of her wickedness was certainly to provide her with a very charming hero for her second husband. With such a conclusion as this, perhaps it might have been the wiser course not to have begun to moralize. At all events we will do what is certainly the next best thing to be done—we will at once bring our moralizing to an end.

STUART'S NILE GLEANINGS.*

(Second Notice.)

ALTHOUGH, as we have pointed out in a previous article, Mr. Stuart signally disappoints those who seek accurate archaeological facts at his hands, we need not on that account lay aside his book considered as a record of travel. Mr. Stuart has a vivid power of description, and, as a rule, uses it well. Sometimes, indeed, he allows his pen to run away with him, and his English is exchanged, so to speak, for Irish. Thus in one place he tells us that King Amunoph slew with his own hand seven Kings, "but he magnanimously spared one." The context explains his meaning, but it certainly needs explanation. To another passage of the kind even a careful reading of the context gives no light. "I may observe here," says Mr. Stuart speaking of the royal ovals at Deir el Bahari, "that after the death of a sovereign, the successors, when mentioning their heirs, did not give them any titles except that of prince." The meaning of this passage, and, in fact of the whole paragraph in which it occurs, we must confess wholly escapes us. How many successors had a king after his own death? To whose heirs did they give the title of prince? And what has the sentence to do with the biography of the great Queen Amen Noomt Hatasoo Makara, who made Deir el Bahari? The meanings of royal throne-names are extremely obscure, and have engaged and baffled the learning of far better hieroglyphic scholars than Mr. Stuart. In the same paragraph in which we are told of kings' successors and their heirs he translates "Makara" as "Just by the grace of God." This certainly is a very free rendering of three signs which almost certainly signify "Justice the living representative of the Sun." Mr. Stuart is equally unfortunate in the further translation of the Queen's personal name. Amen Noomt, or, as he gives it, not

* Nile Gleanings. By Villiers Stuart. London: John Murray. 1879.

altogether without authority, "Amun Khoumte," means, there can be little question, the female representative of Amen Noom, the god of Karnac; with regard to Hatasoo there has been much contention among the learned. Herr Brugsch gives it as Hashep. He formerly called it Hashops. Mr. Renouf has shown very good reasons for reading the second part of the name Asoo, rather than Sheps. The meaning attached to this word would be "the heart of the venerable ones," or "the heart of princes." Mr. Stuart, mistaking the hieroglyphics of the first syllable for those which form *ha-oo-ti*, a leader, translates Hatasoo by "Leader of Princes," and adds, "it is possible that this title, 'Leader of Princes,' may have reference to the fact that she was guardian of her brothers." This guess is a good example of the rhetorical figure vulgarly called putting the cart before the horse. Hatasoo was the name the great Queen bore in her early youth. It was when she became the successor of her brother, Thothmes II., and the guardian of Thothmes III., that she assumed her longer name, and practically discarded the older one. The discussion of this point, as raised by Mr. Stuart, is so far important that it influences our opinion of his theory that Amenhotep IV. and the heretic Kooen Aten were two different kings. If he errs in a small matter, he will err still more in a greater one, and though he supports his view with much reasoning and a considerable number of drawings, chiefly portraits, we find it impossible, without better authority, to entertain it seriously. The idea is not new. Mr. Stuart's side in the controversy has long been looked upon as a losing one, and this is not the place or the time to reopen the question. As a considerable part of the book is taken up with it, we could not pass it by in silence; but, as we have already said, we greatly prefer Mr. Stuart in his narrative passages to Mr. Stuart when he writes upon theories and speculations which many more competent antiquaries have examined in vain.

One of the most interesting chapters is devoted to an account of the mummy pits at Gebel Aboufaida. Few travellers visit them. They are almost filled with the bodies of embalmed crocodiles. It was here that the late Mr. Harris found some fragments of Homer on papyrus, and the caverns have never been thoroughly explored. The difficulties of the descent into them are considerable, and Mr. Stuart's experience will not tempt many visitors to make the attempt. The rocks about the entrance are blackened by fire, and the story goes that a party of travellers had entered, and that soon after vast volumes of smoke were seen to issue. "Some sailors who had accompanied the party, and who were awaiting their return outside, tried to penetrate, but found the smoke so suffocating that they had to abandon the attempt. Neither the unfortunate explorers nor their guides were ever seen again." The fire burnt itself out at length, and nothing but charred bones of men and crocodiles were found when the cave was revisited. It was supposed that the spark of a cigar ignited the bituminous remains of some mummy wrappings. When Mr. Stuart entered, accompanied by naked guides carrying candles, he found the heat overpowering, and was much incommoded by the smell of ammonia. "Sometimes," he says, "the passage was so low and narrow that it was with difficulty we crawled through, one at a time; our lights were repeatedly extinguished by the bats which flew in our faces." Once or twice the cavern was large enough to admit of standing upright, and "at last we emerged into a chamber about fifteen feet across, and high enough to stand up in; in the centre it was supported by a single thick, glittering white stalactite." All about lay the mummies of men and of crocodiles. The light of some magnesium wire disclosed a scene worthy of Dante:—

The naked bronze figures of my guides, with their daggers, the strange weird forms of the reptiles, with their long snouts displaying rows of sharp white fangs, the grinning human heads (many with all their hair still on), thick curly hair, and white gleaming teeth and hollow eyes, that seemed to reproach us for disturbing their rest, the litter of grave-clothes, the shrill complaining cry of the bats as they flew hither and thither, and then the dark shadows of the recesses that opened on all sides, and had served to store the mummies in—all this formed an experience never to be forgotten, and scarcely to be surpassed by the wildest nightmare.

The largest crocodiles taken out measured about fifteen feet, but there are little ones also. Mr. Stuart dived into one of the lateral passages, but soon felt he had seen enough, and that to stay much longer would be to incur the danger of joining the ghostly company. Never, he says, can he forget the delicious sensation of the first taste of fresh air about fifty yards from the entrance, though at starting he had thought it so villainous. When he inquired how it came to pass that the mummies had all been disturbed and scattered about, the Arabs of course laid the blame first on the Khedive; "but the greatest destruction had been caused by a German speculator, who, about three years ago, came and employed men to bring out the mummies wholesale," and, stripping the rags for a paper mill, turned the bones of men and crocodiles alike into superphosphate. Mr. Stuart offered a dollar for a good specimen of a mummied crocodile. The Arabs "disappeared into the bowels of the earth, and, after the lapse of half an hour, we heard them below, and then there slowly arose through the fissure the grisly apparition of a human mummy stripped of its bandages, and, therefore, naked, but quite perfect, mounting bolt upright from the depths beneath, as if through the trap-door of a theatre without any visible motive power."

An interesting chapter also records the success of Mr. Stuart's wish to witness the opening of an untouched tomb—a wish shared, but usually in vain, by most Egyptian travellers. It was at

Dashoor, a part of the necropolis of Memphis seldom visited by any but enthusiastic archaeologists. "We were early one morning summoned," says Mr. Stuart, "with much mystery, and conducted on foot (they feared to trust the donkey boys) several miles across a tract of desert." At the bottom of a pit was a doorway admitting to a small chamber excavated in the limestone. "On the floor with their heads towards the east, lay two mummies." Not a fold had been disturbed. They had not the usual doll-like look of mummies, but "the aspect of bodies in their shrouds, nothing more." One was large and tall, the other smaller; perhaps they were man and wife. They "appeared sound and solid as they lay there, but when one of the Arabs put his hands beneath the shoulders of the larger one, and tried to raise it up, it collapsed to fragments." It was "as if it had been a phantom." Mr. Stuart accounts for its fragile condition by its great antiquity; at the latest the tomb probably belonged to the time of the Sixth Dynasty; but we are not told of any hieroglyphics, and the author omits to say whether the tomb contained any scarabs or beads, or anything else by which the date could be ascertained. It does him honour that he refrained from further disturbance.

With regard to recent political events in Egypt, Mr. Stuart endeavours, like many other travellers who had received favours from Khedive Ismail, both to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. He gives some additional details of the shocking famine of last year, which probably precipitated Ismail's downfall, and in a chapter on the sugar factories makes very indignant reference to the forced labour by which they were carried on. "While here I saw a long train of boys and girls carrying immense jars of molasses on their shoulders, and there walked beside them men in fezzes, armed with whips, and they used them on the backs of these poor creatures whenever they did not go fast enough for them, and whenever they strayed out of line." He adds this appeal in italic type:—"Consider, O Englishmen, who hold Daira bonds, that this is the machinery through which your 7 per cent. dividends are wrung from the people." He adds many harrowing details from personal observation and a few of the stories which were afloat. "The prevalent corruption is so great that the Khedive himself is robbed in all directions." Against such passages as these we may put what he calls "a good word for the Khedive," the text for which appears evidently in the sentence, "One thing I am sure of, that travellers in Egypt will miss the courteous treatment which they invariably experienced at his hands"; but, he adds, "As for any reform in the general condition of the peasantry, no real improvement is possible so long as the present corrupt race of Turkish officials remain in power." The Khedive's civility to English travellers was part of his policy. He cared little for his people. He cared much for the possibility of drawing—as he supposed indefinitely—on English funds. He made the cardinal mistake of fancying that the money and his credit were inexhaustible. It is, however, but right that English gentlemen who, like Mr. Stuart, accepted his hospitality, even if they did not buy his bonds, should try to "say a good word for him" now that he is fallen from his high estate. Those who would not condescend to shake hands with him—and they were many—can now afford to make the best of him, and at least to regret that, being a Turk, he was unable (perhaps from constitution, perhaps from education) to remember that the whole art of government does not consist in killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

We bid farewell to one of the most ambitious books that have appeared about Egypt, ancient and modern, with the hope that the author may be able to see his way to having his "Gleanings" thoroughly sifted, in order to make them what, in many respects, they deserve to be considered—a gathering of valuable and trustworthy information. We have noticed many things that are wrong, many indications of ignorance; but it is only due to Mr. Stuart to say that his researches have been carried on in a praiseworthy spirit of independence which we should be sorry not to appreciate. His book, as we said in our former notice, is disappointing; but we trust we have shown that it has good points, and is worthy of an effort to make it what at first sight it seems to be.

WARD'S CHAUCER.*

THAT Mr. Morley's "Men of Letters" series—a collection of essays intended to popularize the lives and works of our best literary artists among those who do not aspire to a professional or scholarly knowledge of English literature—should, as a matter of course, include a sketch of Chaucer, is one among many proofs of the striking growth of Chaucer's general influence which has been characteristic of the last fifteen years. Since the days of Lydgate and James I. of Scotland he has remained through all phases of our literary history a poets' poet. All who have felt it necessary to their own poetical development to come at the best of English poetical thought and expression in the times preceding them have read and loved him. Our own generation has seen the rise of what we may almost call a third Chaucerian school, headed by Mr. Morris, producing verse which, however necessarily deficient in Chaucer's *naïveté*, aims above all things at his story-telling effects and strong purity

* *English Men of Letters.—Chaucer.* By Adolphus William Ward. London: Macmillan & Co.

of colour. But it has also seen much more than this. Thanks to an antiquarian revival which has almost assumed the proportions throughout Europe of another Renaissance, working upon the early literary material of modern Europe as the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries worked upon the literary material of Greek and Roman antiquity, Chaucer's influence among us has now been guaranteed by causes more permanent than any poetical fashion. On the one side, we have become accustomed to see bestowed upon the elucidation of his work and personality an amount of scrupulous labour which former generations reserved exclusively for classical authors; on the other, we have seen portions of his writings, and the language in which he wrote, introduced into the ordinary school training of large numbers of English boys and girls. Chaucer is now in a fair way to be more widely read and truly enjoyed than at any previous time in history, not excluding his own age. And, in spite of the unpopular and technical character of much of their work, of the counting and theorizing and hair-splitting in which Mr. Furnivall delights, it is to the scholars that this result is mainly due. The industry and ingenuity of Mr. Furnivall, Professor Skeat, Mr. Bradshaw, and Dr. Morris has had two results. It has attracted to the work and to the subject a great number of persons to whom any intricate literary problem seriously attacked is in itself inviting; and it has in the long run so prepared the ground, so cleared and shaped the older tangle of fact and legend, that the general imagination now finds in Chaucer a subject of old-world charm made real and living with to-day's life by the mere force of searching and strenuous discussion.

Professor Ward's book is perhaps the first substantive attempt to give popular shape to all the results that modern Chaucerian scholarship has now achieved. Mr. Lowell, in his brilliant but most unequal essay in *My Study Windows*, based his account of Chaucer's development and characteristics upon a thorough study of the material then accepted, as well as of the points then in debate; but his treatment was necessarily sketchy and imperfect, and many questions of interest have materially advanced since he wrote. M. Sandras's *Etude* and Professor Ten Brink's *Studien* were both of them eminently readable books, written from a literary standpoint to which the mass of Chaucerian criticism makes no pretension. But both were books of discussion, addressed to the few rather than to the many. Professor Ward's book, on the contrary, as was to be expected from the series in which it appears, is a book of statement only. With the exception of a few points where the bulk of the controversy admits of a sketch of its main features, and where the debate raised is not of too technical a nature to allow of its reproduction in such a book as the present—as, for instance, in the case of Chaucer's marriage or of his relation to the Wycliffite movement—Professor Ward contents himself with summarizing in a popular form the main results of the best English and foreign criticism of the poet's life and works. He dissents from these main results in one point only, the question of the authenticity of the "Romaunt of the Rose." On others he sometimes shows a disposition to distrust some of the more ingenious German conjectures, as in the case of those affecting the Parson's Tale, or the various editions of the theme of the Knight's Tale; while we miss from his pages some of the most attractive results of Professor Ten Brink's comparison of Chaucer with his Italian masters. Still, on the whole, the book represents the general condition of Chaucerian study, and the main positions arrived at, in a singularly fair and accurate way, and in so doing supplies a want which has long been felt.

Professor Ward divides his essay into three chapters—"Chaucer's Times," "Chaucer's Life and Works," and "Characteristics of Chaucer." Of these the first is perhaps the least and the third the most successful. It requires very special gifts of style and treatment to sketch a crowded epoch in forty-six small pages, so as to bring home its main lines and features to the reader without either confusion or exaggeration. Dean Church possesses these gifts in a high degree, and they were shown in the "Gibbon" of the present series by Mr. Cotter Morrison. But they do not necessarily accompany learning and understanding, and certainly the latter half of Professor Ward's book strikes us as much more evenly successful than the first half. In the chapter on "Chaucer's Life and Works," the main periods of the poet's literary career are brought into connexion with the leading facts of his biography, while the works are grouped under the periods in a scheme corresponding generally to the scheme put forward by Mr. Furnivall in the "Trial Fore-words," although Professor Ward as a rule refrains from adopting the dogmatic tone of the specialists, and appears to regard a greater number of points as open questions than they would perhaps admit to be such. This adds to the fairness and independence of the book, but it leads every now and then to a more tender treatment of old mistakes than is desirable. The "Romaunt of the Rose" may be still a debatable question, though the traces of Northern dialect in the rhymes, recently pointed out, are a hard problem for the champions of its authenticity; but there should be no "ifs" allowed in such matters as the Chaucerian authorship of "The Flower and the Leaf" or of "Chaucer's Dreame." Professor Ward's account of Chaucer's debts to France and Italy is very freshly and clearly written, and brings out, what is becoming every day more apparent, that while the influence of France upon Chaucer has been allowed rather more than its due place in his literary history, that of Italy has been till quite lately very much underrated. We cannot help wishing that room had been found for a reproduction of Professor

Ten Brink's suggestions of the relations of the *Troilus* and of the *House of Fame* to the *Divina Commedia*. They are probably quite unknown to the majority of English readers, and even if they are not to be taken as made out in all points, they are so full of promise of fresh light upon one of the most attractive of literary problems, the inner relations of one great poet to another, that they deserved reproduction. When Professor Ten Brink points out that the *Troilus* is divided into five books, combining in unequal proportions the ten books of the *Filistrato*; that this division into five books answers to the rules laid down with special plainness by Dante for the conduct and subject of comedy and tragedy; when he draws attention to the prologues introducing each book of the *Troilus* as not existing in Chaucer's immediate model the *Filistrato*, but as imitated from those of the *Divina Commedia*, and points out the close connexion between the prologue to the second book, that is the middle stage of the comedy, and the prologue to the *Purgatorio*, the middle stage of Dante's great *Commedia*; and when, in addition to these structural connexions, he is able to produce passages in which Chaucer, discarding the image furnished him by the *Filistrato*, makes use of one taken direct from Dante, the reader feels himself brought into a singularly close and delightful contact with Chaucer's mind and method. Each suggestion advanced is not equally strong, but the whole series is most convincing, and seems to admit us to some of the more intimate secrets of the poet's workshop. The resemblances between the *House of Fame* and the *Divina Commedia* are not so striking, and have been often contested. Still there is foundation enough for the general view that the *House of Fame* is a sort of burlesque counterpart of the *Divina Commedia*, and further careful comparative study of the two works will probably yield fresh evidence of connexion. From the *Troilus* and the *House of Fame*, and even in a higher degree from the *Assembly of Foules*, overwhelming evidence is now forthcoming that Chaucer was a devoted student of Dante, and was related to him in more intimate and important ways than he was to Boccaccio, in spite of the large mass of poetical material which he owed to the latter.

Professor Ward is particularly good on the dramatic character, the "comedy," of the *Canterbury Tales* as a whole, on the life and force of the framework, especially of its main component, the personality of the Host. He dwells on the excellent dramatic opportunities afforded by a journey of any kind undertaken by a number of people, especially by such a journey as a mediæval pilgrimage:—

One goes to pray, the other seeks profit, the third distraction, the fourth pleasure. To some the road is everything; to others, its terminus. All this variety lay in the mere choice of Chaucer's framework; there was accordingly something of genius in the thought itself; and even an inferior workmanship could hardly have left a description of a Canterbury pilgrimage unproductive of a wide variety of dramatic effects.

As to the *Tales* themselves, it is not quite easy to understand why only two should have been dealt with at any length, and those two the Pardoner's and the Parson's. Surely from the point of view of popular effect it would have been better to have curtailed the problem of the "Parson's Tale" in favour of a more adequate treatment of the "Knight's Tale" or the "Man of Lawe's Tale." And a good deal more quotation might have been allowed in this section with advantage.

The last chapter, on the Characteristics of Chaucer, is well arranged and well put. His modesty, his animal spirits, his learning, his relations to nature, his dramatic power, his simplicity, his magical wealth of expression—all these points are sketched and illustrated as fully as the limits of the book allow. The curious mixture in Chaucer of old and new worlds, of the Renaissance and the middle ages, does not escape notice, and Professor Ward dwells happily on Chaucer's *naïveté*, on that element of childishness and crudity in him, inseparable from his place in history, which has so often obscured his true rank as a poet. That rank is now universally conceded, and every year that passes will probably see Chaucer more widely read and more truly understood. The present volume, as a pleasant and accurate sketch of the results of modern work on Chaucer, makes a useful contribution towards this end. The perusal of it takes a reader back to a judgment partly quoted by Professor Ward, as true for us as for its original audience, the judgment of a finished and exquisite critic, who was himself, as far as his poetry was concerned, a genuine heir of Chaucer's freshness and force. "Chaucer," writes Sir Philip Sidney in the *Apology for Poetry*, "undoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Cresseid*, of whom truly I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age walk so stumblingly after him." Not that Chaucer in Sidney's eyes was without "great wants." Yet are these "fit to be forgiven in so reverend antiquity." Generations of Chaucerian students will scarcely arrive at a mood of criticism more true or more fruitful.

THE LAW OF MONEY SECURITIES.*

WE suppose it is owing to the difficulty of discovering new subjects for law books that treatises are written of the class of that recently issued by Mr. Cavanagh. It is impossible so to classify legal matters that each shall fall under only one head, and,

* *The Law of Money Securities*. By C. Cavanagh, B.A., LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1879.

when treated under that head, be considered as finally disposed of. As in natural science, legal doctrines may be divided into genera and species; but, otherwise than in natural science, legal specimens, so to speak, not unfrequently pertain to one or more departments or sections of legal knowledge. Thus Mr. Cavanagh is perfectly within his province when dealing at length in his present work with Bills of Lading; but the same subject will be found at just as great length and just as fitly in any work on the law of Merchant Shipping. It is unfortunate that this interlacing of subjects is unavoidable, inasmuch as it involves in almost every law book the introduction of a quantity of old matter; and in the case of a book like Mr. Cavanagh's, which covers a very large field, the effect produced is almost that of what used to be termed in music a "pasticcio," or work composed of excerpts from others. Mr. Cavanagh says in his preface that "there exists no one complete book on securities of a monetary nature to which reference can be made either by lawyers, or by bankers, brokers, money-lenders, capitalists, or other classes in the commercial world," and he puts this forward as a justification for his book; but the subject has been so largely cut into by such standard works as Byles on Bills, Fisher on Mortgages, and others we could mention, that we may be pardoned for questioning whether it would be altogether worth while to write a book which should be merely a compilation of the information derivable from the works of previous authors. Mr. Cavanagh has, however, done more than this, inasmuch as he has, to say the least of it, amplified the treatment which some of his subjects have met with at the hands of prior text-writers.

The term which Mr. Cavanagh has selected as a title for his work he explains as designed to include all securities for the payment of money, whether founded on the personal credit of the individual or body giving them or on the rights they convey over specific property, and at the same time to exclude mere documents of title, which, though capable of being utilized as securities by means of deposit or pledge, are not of themselves rightly termed securities. The subject, even thus curtailed, is, as we have remarked, a very wide one; but after a careful perusal of the book, we are not disposed to quarrel with its author, when he describes it in his preface as an "exhaustive treatise."

The first fifty pages are occupied with the law of the most ordinary and simple forms of money securities—namely, I. O. U.'s, promissory notes, bills of exchange, and bank notes; and a chapter follows on Post Office Money Orders, in which the important question is broached, whether such documents constitute bills of exchange within either the Common Law meaning of the term or the provisions of the Stamp Act. Mr. Cavanagh inclines to the belief that, viewed in the latter light, Post Office Orders are practically bills of exchange, with the result that they cannot be sued upon without being duly stamped, which, as a matter of fact, they never are. In Mr. Cavanagh's next chapter on Bonds and Post Obits, he lays down a principle to which we are bound to take exception. In speaking of the usual method of ensuring the performance or fulfilment of a condition by a bond with a specified penalty attached to the breach of such condition, he lays it down as law that, "if the obligor be sued on the bond, not the amount of the penalty, but either damages for the actual injury sustained or the sum secured (if such there be), interest and costs can only be recovered against him." This is not strictly true. Courts are no doubt anxious nowadays to discover grounds for not mulcting a man in an amount altogether disproportionate to the injury he may have occasioned; but in cases where the object of the agreement between the parties is obviously to assess the damages beforehand in case of any future breach of contract, no court will intervene to release either party from his engagement, or to mitigate the consequences of such breach when committed.

Under the heading "Foreign Securities" Mr. Cavanagh correctly describes the rights, or rather the practical absence of any rights, acquired by the British subject who advances money to a foreign Government upon its securities; but the law, as laid down by a series of decisions, is perhaps unknown to the majority of those confiding persons who become foreign bondholders. The issuers of foreign loans are usually bankers or financial agents in this country of more or less reputation or credit according to the class of business they undertake; but as they act avowedly only as the agents of the foreign Government, there is no personal remedy against them. Then, as the sovereign power of a nation or independent political society can owe no legal obligation, it follows that the claim against the foreign State is a purely moral one—a not very valuable security for money in cases which could be mentioned, especially as no English Court has jurisdiction to enforce the contracts of a foreign Government against the property of such Government in England, or to lay hands upon funds in the possession of the agents of such Government, even though such funds have been specifically designed for the payment of its obligations.

After treating of the legal incidents of life policies of insurance, which, besides being primarily securities as against the Insurance Companies, are very frequently utilized as collateral securities in cases where money is borrowed, Mr. Cavanagh passes to the consideration of the less known class of securities classed as judgment securities, whereby the person giving the security puts it within the power of the other party to enter judgment against him for a specified amount without the previous formalities of an action. A judgment being, in the eye of the law, the highest conceivable obligation between man and man, and being enforceable by im-

mediate execution, it is obvious that this class of security affords a paramount protection to its holder, enabling him in default to seize the whole of the debtor's property, real and personal, in satisfaction of his debt. The only case in which this class of security would be inefficacious is of course that of a borrower whose property amounts to little or nothing, who has usually to resort to some other form of security, such as pledge, if he wishes to raise money. The three modes by which a judgment can be obtained by way of security are:—(1) By a warrant of attorney; (2) by a "cognovit actionem," a form of legal process somewhat out of date now, we fancy, but which is familiar in connexion with Mrs. Bardell and Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's costs in the action of Bardell v. Pickwick; and, (3), a judge's order; each of which Mr. Cavanagh describes at some length.

The next two sections of Mr. Cavanagh's book deal with guarantees and mortgages of land or ships, with regard to which subjects we defy any author to say anything new. The most, therefore, that we can predicate of this part of the work is that it appears complete and correct. We were rather puzzled, however, after plodding through Chapter xx., headed "Mortgages of Ships," and relating to that subject, to find Chapter xxii. beginning with these words:—"Mortgages of Movable or of Personalty, comprising—1. Mortgages of Goods and Chattels other than Registered Ships; 2. Mortgages of Registered Ships and Shares therein"; and apparently proposing to deal with each of these and two other classes of mortgages of personalty in the subsequent portion of the work—a promise which reference to the index will show not to be performed in the case of mortgages of ships, as indeed there is no need it should be, the matter being already disposed of. This curious discrepancy must be the result of some mistake of arrangement, and will no doubt be rectified should Mr. Cavanagh's book reach a second edition. The chapter above referred to on "Mortgages of Goods and Chattels other than Registered Ships" is interesting, and here, almost for the first time in his book, Mr. Cavanagh is able to exercise his ingenuity on some absolutely new matter, afforded by the Bills of Sale Act, 1878. In relation to this enactment the author raises the disquieting question whether, on a strict and literal interpretation of the words of the statute, ordinary receipted invoices for goods purchased are not "bills of sale" requiring registration to ensure their efficacy. Mr. Cavanagh arrives at the right, which is also the reasonable, conclusion on this point, but we regret to notice that he bases an argument on the punctuation of a section, apparently forgetting that original statutes are not punctuated at all. Save, however, for the above item, this chapter contains little or nothing that has not appeared before, and the long disquisitions on fixtures and assignments void as against creditors read almost like extracts from Smith's Leading Cases and Robson on Bankruptcy. In dealing with the difficult subject of equitable assignments, Mr. Cavanagh writes clearly and well, and this portion of his book may compare not unfavourably with the treatment of the same matter by Mr. Leake in his work on Contracts; but we refer in vain to the present work for a solution of the question which must sooner or later arise, as to whether the new rule introduced by the Judicature Acts on this point is to be looked upon as retrospective or not—that is, whether assignments made before the Judicature Act, and not in accordance with its provisions, can be sued upon. Another curious question might be raised on the new Innkeeper's Act of 1878 quoted by Mr. Cavanagh in p. 354. This Act gives innkeepers, and the proprietors of hotels and licensed public-houses, the power, vulgarly supposed to belong to them of common right, to sell horses, carriages, or other goods left on their premises "to defray expenses," as the phrase is. But prior to such sale, the innkeeper or hotel-keeper is "to advertise in one London and one country paper, of which the latter circulates in the district where such goods or some of them have been deposited or left," and the obvious difficulty is, how is a London hotel-keeper to comply with this requirement. Mr. Cavanagh does not tell us, and if the Statute provides a solution of the matter, he does not mention it.

"Collateral Securities" absorb nearly fifty pages of Mr. Cavanagh's book, and the author plunges boldly into the mysteries of "marshalling," and the appalling intricacies of what is technically known as "the rule of ex parte Waring," with regard to which he honestly acknowledges his indebtedness to the treatise of Mr. A. C. Eddis, one of the very few persons who can claim to have threaded this legal labyrinth, into which we do not propose here to follow either him or Mr. Cavanagh. After a chapter on "Actions and other remedies on Securities," in which the author somewhat unnecessarily details certain provisions of the Judicature Acts which ought by this time to be matter of common knowledge, Mr. Cavanagh concludes his work with a long and interesting account of the manners and customs of the Money Market and Stock Exchange, as being the places where "securities," in the ordinary acceptance of the term, are most largely dealt in. Here we find elucidated cabalistic terms, such as "contango," "backwardation," "put and call," and so forth; while the operations by which the sale and purchase of stocks and shares, and other Stock Exchange transactions are carried out are so clearly explained that the merest outsider would, after a perusal of this part of Mr. Cavanagh's book, be able to study the money articles in the newspapers with a reasonable degree of intelligence. Lord Justice James has declared that Capel Court is not an Alsatia within whose precincts Her Majesty's writ does not run, and ordinary legal principles have thus been applied to matters hitherto deemed to be within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Committee of the Stock Exchange. The batch of cases by which this innovation has

been developed are clearly summarized by Mr. Cavanagh, as also several instances in which the validity of time bargains has been before the courts.

Looking through what we have written, we are afraid we have been rather hard on Mr. Cavanagh, and not given him due credit for the really careful way in which he has done his work from beginning to end. Irritation at having to wade through so much old matter is possibly at the root of our lack of enthusiasm, and no doubt were we to attempt to fulfil the task which Mr. Cavanagh has set himself, we should find it equally difficult to avoid reopening well nigh worked-out veins of law without incurring the risk of rendering the book incomplete. Moreover it must be remembered that text-books are primarily designed for students, who, when they are reading up a subject, want to know all about it; and, for the use of any one with a limited stock of legal knowledge and an equally limited law library, Mr. Cavanagh's book is an admirable synopsis of the whole law and practice with regard to securities of every sort. Far, therefore, from wishing to depreciate the present book, we desire to accord it all praise for its completeness and general accuracy; we can honestly say there is not a slovenly sentence from beginning to end of it, or a single case omitted which has any material bearing on the subject. These characteristics render it valuable to those who have no need to read it through, and who only require a book to which they may turn for a concise statement of the law on any given point within its scope and for reference to the latest cases.

LORD MASKELYNE'S DAUGHTER.*

MISS KETTLE is one of those careful and conscientious writers who steadily advance with experience and practice. She had always a pleasant style, and showed a strong sympathy with the beauties of nature; while there was an increasing interest in her successive stories. But her plots occasionally tended to the melodramatic, and her characters sometimes bordered on the fantastic. In *Lord Maskelyne's Daughter* we still distinguish some touch of the melodrama; but the story moves smoothly and consistently forward from the first chapter to the last. The least probable of its personages is his lordship himself, who plays, after all, but a secondary part. He is depicted with the haughty feelings of the aristocratic caste; he has been bred in habits of self-indulgence from his boyhood, and has hardened with a life of somewhat reckless dissipation. His dominating failing is his inveterate selfishness; and he has many follies to regret, and some more serious sins to repent. We can easily conceive such a man as he is represented being sensible to the gentler and more innocent affections, and abandoning himself in his softer moods to passing impulses of generosity. But we should have by no means expected to see him pressing his friendship and the hand of his daughter on a youthful farmer born in the peasant class, and accepting a succession of rebuffs from that independent spirit with a courtesy and complacency that never belie themselves. Yet there is this to be said for Miss Kettle's conception of Lord Maskelyne, that he is depicted as being eccentric as well as impulsive; and eccentricity may account even for apparent extravagances in a man who has given the reins to each newborn fancy. In other respects the story is as natural as it is simple, and not a few of the scenes are singularly pathetic. It is a tale of true love fostering itself in solitude, and hoping against hope; discouraged by the self-distrust which is almost inseparable from it, and struggling with the obstacles it ultimately overcomes. "A Story of the Northern Border" Miss Kettle calls it; and the promise of the attractive title is fulfilled by charmingly varied descriptions of scenery. There is something that has always been exceedingly fascinating to us in the wild country on either side of the border. Very often it is gloomy rather than grand; there is a certain monotony in the brown moors, in the grey stretches of waste, in the green valleys winding up among the hills grazed over by the flocks of the solitary sheep-farmers. But nowhere, perhaps, can we more vividly realize the most striking effects of cloud and storm. It lights up marvellously in the fitful bursts of sunshine between showers, and changes its whole aspect into smiling attractiveness under the unclouded brilliancy of some glorious summer day. It is a land of waters; of brooks and becks tumbling down the rocky glens in cascades that are now arched over by matted undergrowth, now shrunk in the summer droughts to silver threads, and now rushing down in the thaws or autumn rains in foaming, moss-stained torrents. Miss Kettle, who seems to know these districts well, has caught the spirit and enchantment of their scenery. She presents us with a series of graphic pictures, where we have lonely farmsteadings, picturesque cottages, and quaint old halls in the foregrounds, with wanderers lost in the mists on the moors, and anglers following their peaceful pursuits along the silent banks of sequestered streams. And she has done justice likewise to the somewhat rugged inhabitants, possessing a combination of qualities that makes them improve upon acquaintance, though they may repel the stranger on a first introduction.

Her hero, young Harry Forbes, is an excellent specimen of the best of the local types, Scotch by extraction, and of a well-

descended family. Though born and reared on the English side, he has much of that Scottish pride of race which impels a man to do credit to his "forbears." Harry Forbes began life as a farmer's boy, but he has a field or two and a cottage of his own; and circumstances, with his own habits of economy, add subsequently to his little possession. So far most of his class would have called his existence a success; but to him it seems disappointment and failure. There is little more than a bare living to be made out of his barren land, and he has aspirations and ambitions, and longs to rise in the world. In as far as the means were within his reach, he has by no means neglected his education. With sound practical capacity there is a strong tinge of the poetical in his nature, and he is ready to give a welcome to any romance that may throw a warmer glow over his prospects. His aunt, who was austere in her manners, although greatly attached to him, was the only being in the world for whom he cared; but that was not the kind of affection for which he was pining. At last even his aunt is taken from him, and he is left absolutely alone. He would probably have quitted his native North country to seek his fortune elsewhere, when he meets with the adventure which changes his destiny. He stumbles on it under circumstances that are appropriately impressive. He is crossing the moors near his cottage on an April evening, when one of the dense hill mists is settling down upon them. Even a man familiar with the lie of the landscape might well fail to find his way in the dark, and any belated stranger must be hopelessly lost. Henry hears a plaintive cry for assistance in a female voice, and the voice comes from the vicinity of the Elf's Stone. There was many a wild tradition about the place, and in a momentary sense of superstition he experiences an involuntary tremor. Second thoughts of course reassure him, and he makes his way to beings of flesh and blood who are eager enough to welcome any deliverer in the alarming straits to which they are reduced. He guides two beautiful girls home to his cottage, where he shyly avails himself of his opportunities of respectfully admiring their attractions. The one whose graver and more expressive charms awaken his earnest admiration from the first was, by a strange coincidence, a vision who had haunted his dreams; in fact, she was an old acquaintance who had done him a kindness which he has now a chance of repaying. He falls forthwith over head and ears in love, and he loves with the passionate determination of his character, though he fears that the distance between them is a gulf he can never bridge. For these fascinating young ladies are the protégées of Lord Maskelyne, one of them indeed being acknowledged as his natural daughter; and they have the refinement of girls of birth and high breeding, having enjoyed the advantages of education and good society. Marguerite, whom Forbes adores, is sketched with extreme grace and delicacy; she reminds us at every turn of Wordsworth's ideal:—

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

But her cousin Blanche is decidedly the more original of the two. Blanche is feeble in health, and somewhat weak in intellect. She has been in the habit of leaning on her stronger cousin; accustomed to have her invalid fancies indulged, she has developed the selfishness which she may have inherited from her father. When she is once on an easy footing of intimacy with their saviour, young Forbes, a strange transformation is wrought in her, though it is only when his eyes have been opened by proposals made to him by Lord Maskelyne that he awakens to the real cause of the change. Then he remembers how she had learned to cling to him; how each trifling incident connected with their intercourse had seemed to impress itself indelibly on her mind. Blanche had unwittingly given him her heart, and in her simplicity had been unable to conceal her predilections. He would gladly do much for her, but he cannot do what she desires; and whether the self-denying Marguerite might wish him to make that sacrifice for her cousin or not, he feels bound to say as much to Lord Maskelyne. The story of how Blanche learns to forget him in absence, and how she is brought to bestow her impulsive affections on another, of the hopes and fears of her new lover, as her brain grows stronger and then loses strength again, is told with no little art and pathos. And there is a moving interlude, where this new lover of Blanche's unwittingly gains the affections of Jessie Forbes, a pretty Scottish girl, and a cousin of the hero. At least as romantic, though perhaps less natural, is another love affair which is brought to a happy conclusion. Jessie's father had been attached in his ardent youth to a very lovely sister of Lord Maskelyne. The course of the love had of course not run smooth, and the penniless sister of the embarrassed peer had been forced to marry for money and position. She had been wedded to an old man who gave her a coronet, but no happiness, and who had died, leaving her a well-jointed widow. Her young admirer had married likewise, and made a fortune, and brought up children, and lost most of them. Now that accident has thrown the lonely couple together again, the old feelings revive, and it seems to them that, though it is impossible to go back upon the past, it would be a pity not to make the best they can of the future. Forbes makes up his mind to speak; and the Countess, whose heart is all in favour of his suit, gives a frank assent to his straightforward arguments. As for his nephew Henry, his retiring but resolute constancy has the success it deserves. It appears, indeed, that what he had half suspected all along was the case; and that he had really won his Marguerite years before, when he was

* *Lord Maskelyne's Daughter: a Story of the Northern Border.* By Rosa Mackenzie Kettle, Author of the "Ranger's Lodge," &c. James Weir, 1880.

worrying himself very unnecessarily over her fancied engagement to another :—

Our wooing was very short, but sweet—all the sweeter, I think, for its brevity. In fact our love-making had been done long ago at the stepping-stones over the brook under Haggisthorpe Peak. The moment Marguerite left her sister's side, and set her dainty feet on the grass to come and meet me, I knew that I had won my bride!

So a story that had threatened to be sad ends sufficiently brightly. It is true that Blanche remains unmated, and the separation from her second lover is the more trying because she has fully realized her mental feebleness, and recognizes that it condemns her to renounce the happiness that seemed for some time to be within her reach. But even Blanche in her new selfishness has her consolation in being the angel in the house of the father whom she has reformed, and who repays her tenderness with the most absolute devotion. Altogether Miss Kettle's story is an extremely pretty one, and it has the merit besides of being kept within reasonable bounds, and of being published in comfortable type in a single volume.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE counter-reformation with which the Church of Rome endeavoured to parry the progress of Protestantism is an historical episode of the highest interest, the impartial treatment of which is obviously very difficult. No closer approach to absolute impartiality is likely ever to be made than that effected by Professor Maurenbrecher (1), a sincere Protestant, but so remarkable gifted with the power of placing himself at his opponents' point of view that his pages might occasionally pass for those of some judicious and temperate Catholic writer of the good old school exterminated by Ultramontanism. While rejoicing in the Reformation, he still almost makes it his particular business to point out how much vitality remained in Catholicism, and how sincere and widespread was the desire for a genuine reformation in discipline and morals, although the need for a return to primitive simplicity of doctrine was not equally felt. What especially distinguishes Professor Maurenbrecher from other historians of the Reformation epoch is the stress he lays upon the reformation effected in Spain by Cardinal Ximenez, by whom the popular demand was actually carried out, and who fairly realized on a small scale the ideal which zealous Catholics, with no leanings to a purely Biblical religion, must have formed of the Church Universal. Discipline was enforced, abuses were corrected, theological learning revived in an extraordinary manner; nothing more, on Catholic principles, should have been necessary. The simultaneous revival of the Inquisition as a necessary consequence of Ximenez's reforms showed but too clearly that the world could not be managed on such principles, and that a return to the mediæval Catholicism would be equivalent to a return to mediæval barbarism. Notwithstanding this, the existence at such a time of one national Church conspicuous for purity of morals and orthodoxy of belief was a powerful element in determining the ultimate course of events. Professor Maurenbrecher carefully compares this reaction towards Thomas Aquinas with the contemporary and better understood reaction towards the classical ideal known as Humanism, and with the German Reformers' reaction towards the New Testament. Everywhere he shows himself equally accurate and impartial, and his history bids fair to rank high among the numerous delineations of one of the most interesting periods of human history. The first volume terminates with the death of Pope Clement VII.

A new History of Germany, by L. Staacke (2), is an excellent specimen of its class, but this class is not a high one. The work belongs essentially to the category of popular histories, and is perhaps chiefly significant as a symptom of the condition of popular feeling which renders such histories popular. From this point of view it is very satisfactory; the German people can only be congratulated on the condition of public sentiment which renders it worth the while of popular publishers to produce a work for general circulation adorned with so many engravings and chromo-lithographs. The latter are chiefly selected from mediæval MSS. The execution is perfect, and artistically and historically they are for the most part of the highest interest. They serve to recommend a fairly written but rather commonplace text, presenting the most accredited results of historical investigation with no pretence to independent research.

The celebrated exhortation, "Tu felix Austria, nube," is illustrated by K. Rausch's careful study of the circumstances attendant upon the Archduke Maximilian's espousal of the Princess Mary of Burgundy (3), which, combined with his subsequent election as King of the Romans, chiefly contributed to raise the House of Hapsburg to its present position in Europe. Herr Rausch ascribes these successes principally to the persevering diplomacy of Maximilian's father, the Emperor Frederick III., who redeemed his impotence as Emperor of Germany by his tenacious persistence in laying the foundations of a new State. Herr Rausch attributes the disorganization of the German body politic at this period to

the disobedience and wilfulness of the Princes of the Empire, and his monograph may not improbably have been composed with the view of insinuating that German interests have always been most efficiently represented by Austria.

Abstruse points of chronology form the groundwork of Dr. Krusch's treatise on the controversies of the fifth century respecting the proper time of keeping Easter (4). The second part contains an edition of the principal chronological tables, tracts, and epistles from Popes and others relating to the subject.

Dr. Lohmeyer (5) investigates the obscure history of Prussia Proper, which involves constant reference to the histories of Poland and Lithuania. Considering the difficulty and uncertainty of the subject, his narrative is remarkably perspicuous and attractive. It comes down to the year 1407, and will be continued until the erection of Prussia into a kingdom in the early part of the eighteenth century.

A so-called sketch of the history of Ireland, by Karl Kautsky (6) is only worth notice as a specimen of the rubbish accepted as gospel by the adversaries of England on the Continent and in America. Herr Kautsky recapitulates all the harsh proceedings of English administrators in Ireland from Strongbow to Castlereagh, utterly ignoring the circumstances which so frequently palliated or necessitated them. He deals largely in statistics of Irish poverty prior to 1852, without a hint of the improvement effected since the country has been relieved of the curse of over-population. After the imprudent language of Mr. Gladstone, Herr Kautsky can hardly be censured for attributing that statesman's legislation to fear rather than to a sense of justice.

Without going quite so far as the late Baron Stockmar, who pronounced the English Constitution the corner-stone of all political science, Herr Max Büdinger (7) is greatly impressed by it as a work of art produced by no conscious effort on the part of any single legislator, but slowly elaborated under the pressure of circumstances by successive generations, "building better than they knew." The interest and admiration thus awakened in him as a student of political science have prompted the composition of a sketch of the present state of the English Constitution, accompanied by a series of historical studies on its practical development. The most important of these fall under the section devoted to the examination of the development of the royal authority, in which the relations of the latter at various periods to the nobility, the Church, and the commons, are very fully discussed. The book shows a thorough acquaintance with English history, and the subject is treated in an easy and agreeable style.

In a concise biography of C. G. von Waechter (8), Herr Windscheid records the history of an eminent German jurist, whose public life was divided between Saxony and Würtemberg. After having long officiated as Professor at Leipsic, Waechter removed to Tübingen, was induced by the political events of 1848 to return to Leipsic, and enjoyed the highest influence and authority at both places. The legislation both of Saxony and Würtemberg is greatly indebted to him.

The resemblance between the political constitutions of the German Empire and the United States (9) is not slight or far-fetched, although somewhat disguised for the present by the apparent tendency of the former to a more centralized organization. This tendency may not prove persistent; and at all events the difficulties which have recently arisen in adjusting the claims of the various States represented in the Reichstag lend weight to Dr. Schlieff's exhortation to his countrymen to acquaint themselves with the most scientifically constructed of Federal Constitutions. After an historical and general introduction, he successively analyses the American Constitution in its two great branches, its provision for the exercise of legislative and of executive functions. Other sections treat of the right of impeachment, of constitutional amendments, and of the judicial power. The latter important subject is perhaps hardly treated with sufficient fulness, and enough is not said of the weakest point in the United States Constitution—the extreme difficulty of maintaining the dignity and purity of a judiciary chosen by popular election, and of a Supreme Court whose members are notoriously liable to be appointed on political grounds. It speaks volumes for the "law-abiding" quality of the English race that the authority of this august tribunal should have been, on the whole, so little impaired; and it is certain that the institution could only work on the Continent among a Teutonic or Scandinavian people. As Dr. Schlieff is writing for Germans, his recommendation of American models is in a measure justified, although the United States offer no counterpart to the distinguishing phenomenon of German federalism, the preponderance of a single confederate able to outweigh all the rest.

It may be questioned whether any special need existed for Professor Siebeck's "History of Psychology" (10), which traverses

(4) *Studien zur christlich mitteralterlichen Chronologie. Der 84-jährige Ostercyclus und seine Quellen.* Von Bruno Krusch. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Geschichte von Ost- und Westpreussen.* Von Dr. K. Lohmeyer. Abth. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Irland. Kultur-historische Skizze.* Von Karl Kautsky. Leipzig: Kisching. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Vorlesungen über Englische Verfassungsgeschichte.* Von Max Büdinger. Wien: Konegen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *C. G. von Waechter.* Von B. Windscheid. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Verfassung der Nordamerikanischen Union.* Von Dr. Eugen Schlieff. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Geschichte der Psychologie.* Von Dr. H. Siebeck. Th. 1. Abth. 2. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Geschichte der Katholischen Reformation.* Von W. Maurenbrecher. Bd. 1. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Deutsche Geschichte.* In Verbindung mit Andrea von L. Staacke. Abth. 1. Bielefeld: Velhagen & Klasing. London: Asher & Co.

(3) *Die Burgundische Heirat Maximilians I.* Quellenmässig dargestellt von K. Rausch. Wien: Konegen. London: Williams & Norgate.

ground which surely ought to be covered by the ordinary histories of philosophy. If the special department of psychology really requires a special historian, the post will no doubt be adequately filled by Professor Siebeck, who proposes to dedicate six volumes to his subject. The first is devoted to the exposition of the ideas of the soul entertained by the predecessors of Aristotle. Democritus, Heraclitus, and Aristotle are the most fully treated.

Professor Encken's tract (11) on the employment of metaphors and similes in philosophy contains many suggestive instances of the danger of building too much upon apparent analogies.

An illustrated work on Spain (12), the letterpress by T. Simons and the plates by Professor Alexander Wagner, promises to be a worthy member of the series of similar publications which is contributing so much to popularize the picturesque and archæological features of the most interesting regions of the earth, and which is at present better represented in France and Germany than in England. The arrangement of the work is geographical, beginning with the north-eastern corner of the country, and the two parts before us comprise the province of Catalonia. The text is very fairly written; but the distinguishing feature of the book is the illustrations, which are not only numerous and well selected, but are executed with peculiar dash and vigour, and with the indescribable quality which proves the artist to have imbibed the spirit of the land he is undertaking to delineate.

Dr. Scherzer (13), who has visited so many distant countries in the interest of commerce and statistics, took advantage of the recent visit of the Archduke Rodolph to this country to make a thorough examination of the great centres of English industry. The information he has collected and published offers of course more novelty to his Continental readers than to Englishmen, yet even the latter may derive advantage from a collection of useful statistics, admirably arranged in a compendious form. Considering the extremely depressed condition of British industry at the time of Dr. Scherzer's visit, his view of its condition and prospects is unexpectedly favourable. He admits the superiority of the British workman to all others, and considers that it more than compensates for the advantage which the low rate of wages abroad apparently confers upon his foreign competitor.

Dr. Kraus's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities (14) is designed to occupy a place in Germany analogous to that filled by Martigny's dictionary in France and Smith and Cheetham's in England. It is intentionally less extensive than the latter, being more strictly confined to archaeology proper, which subject, however, is so defined as to embrace the specifically Christian legislation and domestic manners of the Church of the first six centuries, no less than the details of liturgical service and ecclesiastical art. Numerous articles on subjects not specifically Christian are of necessity admitted; thus the first part has very good ones on Abraxas, the Gnostic divinity, and amulets, which were forbidden by the Church. The work, in which Dr. Kraus is assisted by several coadjutors of reputation, is so far very fairly executed, and seems unaffected by any decided Roman Catholic bias. Its general resemblance to Martigny's dictionary is increased by the reproduction of the wood engravings illustrative of the latter.

The German Theatre (15) has now been for about ten years freed from the direct control of the State, and the results of the change have apparently not been entirely satisfactory to the patrons of the legitimate drama. The question, as in England, is now mooted whether the State ought not to establish a model theatre for the refinement of the national taste and the encouragement of a national school of acting. The affirmative side of the question is ably and temperately argued by an anonymous Government official, who, however, hardly meets the objections that such an institution is likely to be chiefly patronized by those whose taste stands least in need of purification, and that the number of intellectual centres in Germany would render the undertaking a very extensive one.

Herr Ludwig Bamberger's pamphlet on the Jewish question in Germany (16) is a fair specimen of the replies called forth by the sudden outbreak of spite, rather than of bigotry, of which Herr Treitschke has condescended to make himself the exponent. It is not unnatural that the progressive impoverishment of Germany under a régime of militarism, protection, and excessive taxation should have evoked a feeling of resentment against the class of the community which is least affected by these evils, and which, in so far as its calling is the lending of money at interest, even seems to profit by the general distress. Herr Bamberger has no difficulty in exposing the inconsistency of Herr Treitschke's position; but the causes which have made that worthy Liberal a persecutor can only be removed by a radical alteration in the state of Europe.

The Jewish question is further illustrated in two works of

fiction by Karl Emil Franzos (17), whose lively and gossiping volumes on Eastern Europe have already gained considerable notoriety. In "The Jews of Barrow" Herr Franzos from one point of view challenges comparison with Sacher Masoch, inasmuch as he undertakes to give a picture of Polish, or rather Ruthenian, life; and in another with Gottfried Keller, as all his tales are laid within or near an imaginary locality, supposed to be as typical of Podolia as Keller's Seldwyla is of Switzerland. Without attaining the power or humour of his models, his stories are nevertheless very good, based for the most part on stirring situations ably conceived and effectively developed, and all illustrative of the author's thesis, "Every country has the Jews it deserves"—that is, the faults with which the Jews are taxed are more properly imputable to those who scorn or persecute them. The imitation of Keller is very apparent in *Moschko von Parma*, described as "the history of a poor, forgotten man, who was born in a remote corner of the world, and, after many journeys and adventures, died in it solitary and wretched as he had lived." This definition is not, indeed, carried out to the letter, for the conclusion of the tale, though sad, is not utterly unrelieved by comfort. Moscho himself is carefully drawn, and his adventures introduce us to a great number of characters who present all the appearance of faithful copies from life. In fact, the writer's works produce something of the effect of a gallery of copies: he gives us portraits instead of personages, but the portraits are life-like and accurate.

The *Rundschau* (18) begins with one of Herr Rudolph Lindau's excellent stories of English life and manners, which might easily pass for the work of an English writer. The scene is laid in Japan, in the year 1860, and the life of an Anglo-Oriental colony is very cleverly depicted. A sketch of the life of Bishop Dupanloup, by a Liberal Catholic, adds nothing to our knowledge of the Bishop's career, but is of some interest as a party manifesto. A paper on Cyprus is a neat summary of the extant historical information respecting the island, and concludes with a full admission of its importance to any Power aiming at preponderance in the Mediterranean. Perhaps, however, the most interesting contribution to an interesting number is a notice of the work of the French Ægyptologist Revillout in deciphering papyri written in the demotic character. These documents, belonging for the most part to the Ptolemaic or the Roman period, are philologically important as representing a phase of Egyptian intermediate between the language of the hieroglyphic inscriptions and modern Coptic; while their contents, being usually legal agreements or other matters relating to private life, contribute more to the illustration of domestic manners than the official manifestoes of the monuments.

The principal article in the *Russische Revue* (19) is an essay by Professor Eichelmann on the declaration of armed neutrality put forth by the Northern Courts in 1780, designed to establish that it was in reality a statesmanlike conception of the Empress Catharine, and not a mere incident in the rivalry of her Ministers Potemkin and Panin.

(17) *Die Juden von Barrow*. Geschichten von K. E. Franzos. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

Moschko von Parma. Geschichte eines jüdischen Soldaten. Von K. E. Franzos. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 8. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(19) *Russische Revue: Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands*. Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 9. Hft. 3. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner & Co.

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(11) *Ueber Bilder und Gleichniss in der Philosophie*. Von R. Encken. Leipzig: Veit. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Spanien*. In Schilderungen von T. Simons. Reich illustriert von Prof. Alexander Wagner. Lief. 1, 2. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(13) *Weltindustrien. Studien während einer Fürstenreise durch die Britischen Fabrikbezirke*. Von Dr. Karl von Scherzer. Stuttgart: Maier. London: Trübner & Co.

(14) *Real-Encyclopädie der Christlichen Alterthümer*. Unter Mitwirkung mehrerer Fachgenossen bearbeitet und herausgegeben von F. X. Kraus. Lief. 2. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Das deutsche Theater und seine Zukunft*. Von einem Staatsbeamten. Zweite Auflage. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Deutschthum und Judenthum*. Von L. Bamberger. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

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The original MANUSCRIPT SCORE, by the Composer of the above air, from the Oratorio of "Elijah," and an AUTOGRAPH LETTER from him to Mr. Bartholomew, dated May 29, 1846, recently presented to the Guildhall Library by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, are MISSING therefrom. Any information leading to their recovery should be addressed to the LIBRARIAN. In case events of either of these Manuscripts being offered for Sale, the public are hereby informed that they are the Property of the Corporation of London, by whom they are claimed. Guildhall, E.C.: May 1880.

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